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THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS

PENTHOUSE[®]

LETTERS



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STEPPING OUT

WICKED WIFE CRAVES
A BIT OF STRANGE

BOOTY TIME

HORNY HOTTIE BEDS
A BACKDOOR MAN

GIRL MEETS GIRL

BISEXUAL BEACH BABES
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THE PLEASURE PRINCIPLE

EVERYONE likes a good time—and let's face it, after the last stretch of challenging months we all deserve it! The stories in this issue of *Penthouse Letters* show just how fulfilling life can be—especially when a twosome branches out to become something even greater.

This edition's Three-for-All letters triple the fun for eager lovers seeking satisfaction, but there are more marvelous ménages to be had!

In "Roman Holiday," Ana Restivo reveals how lust takes flight for an airline attendant when her handsome booty call brings his wife to the party!

And in the Wide World of Variations' "Pillow Princess," two slutty sorority gals initiate a new pledge through bondage and lesbian loving.

But that's not all—sinful spouses leave their vows behind in Stepping Out, fate smiles upon the folks in Serendipity, and backdoor fans pick up the rear in Booty Time.

Have you had a fabulous fling? Email your story to letters@penthouse.com, and you may see it in the pages of this magazine!

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2021

EDITORIAL

Publisher Penthouse World Media, LLC

Executive Editor Barbara Pizio

ART

Creative Director Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS

WILLETT ASSOCIATES
Philip & John Willett

ADVERTISING AND MARKETING

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PRODUCTION

**Production Coordinator
& Photo Researcher** Victor Gonzalez

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE

28328 Witherspoon Pkwy.
Valencia, CA 91355
Tel: 310-280-1900

ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE

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SUBSCRIPTIONS

800-333-2802

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CUSTOMER SERVICE

Palm Coast Data
P.O. Box 37008
Boone, IA 50037
800-333-2802

PHOTOGRAPHERS

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A BIG DEAL

My dick is big, really big. I honestly don't mean to brag when I begin this letter by saying so; it's the truth. Seriously, don't hate me because I'm hung. It's just how it is.

My penis and I got a reputation in my late teenage years, not long after high school. A few friends of mine had seen my flaccid cock in the locker room back in the day and had commented and laughed about its size. Not a problem, even though they kidded me about it now and then. There are worse things I could've been teased about.

But when I was about 20, a buddy and I went on a hiking trip with these two sexy young women we'd known in high school. We were all in a playful, randy mood, and the gals jokingly said they'd go with us up the mountainside if we would eat them out when we reached the summit. We said sure—so long as they sucked our dicks. We were all just bullshitting.

Well, it wasn't much of a mountain. We were up there in no time. And—to my shock—all of what we'd talked about happened. We were together on this bluff, sitting on a sheet we'd spread out, just hanging, drinking beers and talking. And a fourway happened.

Our female friends were startled when they saw my erect, circumcised penis, and so was my buddy.

"Dammit, Scotty—you're puttin' me to shame here!" he said, and the ladies laughed. He had a perfectly normal-sized cock, but mine was engorged like never before, and it did look gigantic compared with his. It's actually a little bit more than nine inches, but it's thick and has a big helmet head, which makes it seem even longer. Fortunately for my bud, the ladies didn't ignore his comparatively small pecker. Both of us shot big loads that afternoon.

But one or more of my playmates spilled the beans that day. Soon, the

whole town was aware that I was the guy with the “whopper.”

A couple of years later, I took a job in a different part of the state, so I lost touch with most of my friends. I would see them when I returned home to visit my parents, but that happened less and less frequently as time passed.

My folks have operated a plant nursery outside my hometown since I was a kid. But two years ago, my dad fell ill, and my mom was having trouble managing the business and looking after him. My older brother and my sister both lived far away—too tied to their married lives to jump in and help. I was—and still am—single, and my job at the time was shit, so I quit and moved back home to pitch in.

I started hanging out with old friends quite a bit. The hikers from that mountainside escapade were no longer living there, but another buddy, Skunk, was still in town—and wed to pretty Roberta. Skunk, by the way, is not so nicknamed because of any heinous odors. From childhood, he’s had a streak of white hair down the center of his scalp, like Johnny Depp as Sweeney Todd.

Roberta is what they call a strawberry blonde, and she is sweet and funny. She’s also got a gorgeous body: perfect-sized breasts and a beautiful, rounded butt. Sexy as fuck.

Skunk knew about my legendary endowment. He’d taken to greeting me by saying, “How’s it hanging, Scotty? Like I need to ask!” But he didn’t rib me about it all the time, like some of my other friends would have done. Roberta and Skunk enjoyed my company. They were even playing matchmaker, trying to find me a girlfriend.

One weekend Skunk and I went camping and hiking, and while we were drinking whiskey beside a campfire, he said, “Scotty, let me ask you somethin’. How do you feel about threeways?”

I was taken aback, but I let him explain.

It seemed he and Roberta were having some issues in the bedroom. Nothing too serious, he said. But things had gotten stale after a few years of marriage.

“We bought a bunch of sex toys,” he confided. “Dildos and vibrators, and

even vibrating dildos. They changed the equation for a while. But then she got bored again, and we’re back at square one.”

They’d tried watching some porn together, but it did nothing for Roberta. Except that it made her think about bringing another guy into the bedroom. Scenes in the pornos with two guys and a woman seemed to light her fire.

Skunk took a deep breath and said, “So, that’s where you come in.”

He confessed when he’d told Roberta

“I eased my infamous, condom-covered peen into her tight cunt, very slowly at first.”

that I’d been known back in the day for my massive member, she’d become aroused.

“I played with her pussy, while I told her about you,” he said. “And she gushed like a goddamn geyser. She definitely wants you to be our special guest.”

I was surprised but certainly not turned off by Skunk’s idea. I told him I’d think about his proposition. And, boy, did I ever think about it! By the next afternoon when we were traveling back from our trip, I agreed to give it a go. Skunk was more than pleased by this. He said he and Roberta would have a good fuck when he got home and told her the good news.

We met for the big event soon thereafter—one Saturday night at their place. We had drinks in their living room and engaged in small talk for ten minutes or so. It was fairly awkward because we hadn’t really talked over exactly what would happen.

Roberta wore a short blue dress that brought out the color of her eyes and accentuated her sexy legs. She

and Skunk were on the sofa, sitting close together. I sat apart and across from them. I knew I was going to fuck Roberta, but I wondered if Skunk would participate, too.

Roberta finally broke the ice.

“Hey, Scotty,” she said teasingly. “Why don’t you come over here and join us?” She patted the sofa to show me where she wanted me. I followed her direction. She put her hand on my leg, just above the knee.

“Guess we should have figured this out ahead of time,” I said.

“Better to be spontaneous, I think,” Roberta replied. “Kiss me.”

I hadn’t thought about whether kissing would be part of the deal.

“Sure that’s OK?” I asked. “Skunk?”

“Sky’s the limit,” he said. Not that I knew exactly what that meant. Would doggy-style be OK, along with basic missionary? Was DP on the menu? Could I run out to my car and bring back a boxful of whips and chains?

Roberta and I kissed—gingerly at first, then more vigorously. I wasn’t sure where my hands were supposed to go, but one of them found its way to her freckled arm. Soon, her tongue and mine were tangling wildly. My cock was fully hard and anxious to be set loose.

Skunk dropped to the floor and removed Roberta’s shoes. The skirt of her dress draped over his head as he pressed his face between her legs. She shifted so he could pull her panties down.

“Let’s move to the bedroom,” I suggested. “And let’s get out of all these clothes.”

When I rose from the sofa, Skunk and Roberta both eyed the massive bulge tenting my pants.

“I think you’ve got your work cut out for you, baby,” Skunk said, kind of lewdly. His face was red.

I stopped off at the hall bathroom, just to check that all systems were go. They were, and then some. When I entered the bedroom, Skunk and Roberta were already sprawled on the mattress. He wore boxer shorts, but she was nude. In the soft light, I saw her breasts and shoulders were covered with a spray of freckles. But the skin of her belly was a creamy white. Her cute pussy had a fuzzy patch



crowning it—slightly darker in color than the hair on her head.

“All right, Scotty,” said Skunk. “Give us the big reveal, why don’t ya?”

Out came my hard-on, and it didn’t disappoint.

“Whoa! Whaddya think, babe?” asked Skunk.

“Oh. My. Effing. God,” cried Roberta.

She was eager to suck me, so I stripped to the buff and sat on the edge of the bed. She licked the underside of my rigid shaft, then paused to kiss my ball sac. Next, she engulfed as much of my boner as she could take. She went up and down on it for several minutes, occasionally making a futile attempt to deep-throat the whole thing. Skunk was behind her, eating her out. Now and again, she would squirm, apparently whenever Skunk moved his tongue from her pussy to her butt hole. My

brain seemed scrambled. The fact that I was in my friends’ bedroom doing this stuff didn’t quite compute. But there I was, doing it anyway.

When I fucked her, it was doggy position at first. Roberta thought that that would be the best chance she had of taking my big guy in all the way. I eased my infamous, condom-covered peen into her tight cunt, very slowly at first. She gasped, but I didn’t back off. I let her catch her breath, then gained a bit more ground. She sighed, then instructed, “Slowly...a little more now. Wait! OK, go for it, Scotty.”

Having reached the hilt, I began thrusting in and out, working up speed. Skunk had doffed his boxers and was masturbating. His stiff dick wasn’t all that shrimpy—maybe between five and six inches. Roberta began sucking and licking her husband’s rod while I

pounded her pussy relentlessly.

Eventually, I lay on my back, and she straddled my dick, allowing Skunk to simultaneously drill her ass. I’d never before participated in a double penetration, but it was great. Skunk came first, panting like a sprinter. He kept his spent dick lodged in Roberta’s rear, as I thrust upward one last time and exploded with one of the best orgasms of my life.

That was not the last time the three of us spent a decadent Saturday night together. We’ve experimented with some wild shit, but that mythical boxful of whips and chains hasn’t come out—yet. Skunk says things between him and Roberta are better in bed now, even when I’m not there. I hope that’s true. But I’m glad they keep inviting me back!

—S.T., via email

TAG TEAM



Earlier in the year, I'd had a tough time meeting women. I was as awkward as hell on dates. Just one of those clumsy guys who never quite got his act together romance-wise.

Then—bam! Summer came along. The weather turned sultry. The skies were an exhilarating blue. The night air was fragrant with blooming flowers. And something happened to me. Out of nowhere I started feeling like a self-confident stud.

I don't know what hit me. I was still the same ole 20-something with the same ole job. I didn't get ripped in the gym or win the lottery. That person in the bathroom mirror looked vaguely like the one who used to only get laid once in a blue moon.

But I was somebody else now, or at least an improved version of me. I felt it in my bones. I was charged with energy, with new enthusiasm. I started going out, really hitting the scene—nightclubs and arty coffeehouses. I went to poetry readings and live music shows. I was enjoying myself.

Maybe that was it—me just having a good time, smiling and laughing. But as soon as that started, women began showing up in my life. I had my first bona fide one-night stand with a foxy brunette I met at a rave. She took me back to her place, and we fucked like bunnies all night. I never even learned her last name. Nor did I feel any urge to pester her about seeing her again. That night was just, well, perfect.

After that I really cut loose. I had one casual lover, then two. Then, incredibly, I was seeing a full-on trio of women—all desirable and all into me—with no hassles about exclusivity. Everything was easy and friendly. Sex without any squabbles, without hang-ups.

I could barely believe it was happening to me. But I didn't let that stop me from reveling in my sudden good luck. I wallowed in pussy, and all that fucking had my soul lit up like a neon sign. It was awesome.

One by one I checked items off my long-simmering sexual to-do list. With my unexpected access to eager and available



women, I indulged in my fantasies whenever I could.

Anal sex? Did that. Actually, I did that a lot. Women were a hell of a lot more receptive than they were during my dorky years.

Sex outdoors? Oh, yeah. Fucked on a beach. Fucked in a park. Fucked at a music festival, standing up behind a sound truck.

Sex with a married woman? I didn't go looking for it, but it happened anyway. Afterward, when she sensed that I was feeling guilty about it, she assured me her husband knew about her little side dishes and approved.

“Together, the two women shoved me not too gently onto my back on the mattress.”

Side dish! I was a fucking side dish! How cool was that?

Over the early summer months, I bedded all sorts of women, jizzing my way through what I would have thought to be a lifetime's worth of lovers just a short time ago.

But when the season started to wane, an eerie fear crept over me. What if the summer had been some kind of magical period for me? I don't mean actual sorcery, but maybe something about the conditions of my life and some other unknown factors had conspired to give me the most memorable time of my existence.

The idea that it might go away chilled me in those final torrid days of the season. I would do anything to stop that from happening.

I had one last major item on my dirty checklist. It was maybe the most primal fantasy I'd carried with me: I wanted to have a threeway. Me and two hot chicks fucking in the same bed, with everybody doing everybody else.

By that point, I knew quite a passel of lovely fun females. I could probably recruit two for what I had in mind. But some impulse made me want to go out

and try to find a pair from a cold start. To pick up two women I'd never met before and get them to come to bed with me. It would be the ultimate test of my newfound abilities.

I went to an open mic night at a coffee place. The comedy was hit-or-miss, but I zeroed in on a pair of girlfriends at a table. They were laughing and having a good time. After the last comic's set, I went over and introduced myself.

Did I still have that spark? The ongoing magic of the new me?

The two women sized me up, then told me to join them. My luck appeared

to be holding.

I sat with Felice and Sally at their table, and we talked. I believe I was charming and amusing. I felt an attraction coming from both of them, and I wasn't hiding the fact that they interested me.

Finally, Sally boldly asked, “So, Harlan, which one of us are you hitting on?”

Felice slapped her arm, but Sally's grin didn't falter.

Going for it, I replied, “Both of you.”

Then I waited tensely to see if my dream would come true.

Suddenly, they were both smiling broadly, and we got out of there soon afterward.

The women lived together in an apartment. As we headed for one of their bedrooms, stripping off clothes as we walked, I realized they'd probably done this before. Maybe even a lot.

My cock stood out stiff and throbbing as we all tumbled naked onto the bed. I was surrounded by gorgeous female flesh. I grabbed for a tit; I groped the sweet swell of an ass cheek. Sally nibbled my shoulder, while Felice pasted her mouth to mine, her tongue

wriggling between my lips.

They both grabbed my cock at the same time, and their touch was like heaven. When they leaned across my body and kissed each other full on the mouth, I knew all the pieces were in place. Our encounter would be the hot, mad culmination of my oversexed summer. A glorious three-way fuck!

I turned and sucked on Sally's tit. Her nipple stood up hard, and I licked it, making her squeal with pleasure. I nibbled the pinkish bud, and she liked that even more. Meanwhile, Felice was playing with my balls, sending streams of delight through my overcharged being.

I felt totally alive, electric with the possibilities. Even with all the sex I'd had during the past crazy months that moment felt fresh and wild. I tingled all over, my nerves buzzing with joy.

Turning again, I found Felice's spread legs and saw her pussy gleamed with wetness. I put my shoulders to her smooth inner thighs and lowered my head. I inhaled her delectable scent, then trailed my tongue up her slippery groove to sample her nectar.

Sally stroked my back and whispered hotly, “Yeah! Her pussy tastes good! I know!”

I ate Felice all the harder, drilling my tongue deep. Her clit pulsed as I teased it. Her thighs started closing rhythmically over my shoulders. She was moaning in time to my movements. Her juice flowed as she came.

Sally pulled my face up and hungrily licked her girlfriend's sauce off my chin and lips. Everything felt soft and beautiful, like a dream. But there was a fine sexual hardness to it all, as well—a throbbing urgency. And that would be my cock.

But I went down on Sally next, noticing the subtle differences in flavor between the two gushing gals. Sally grabbed my hair by the roots when she climaxed, which I didn't mind at all, and she ground her sweet honeypot hard against my face.

Afterward, it was Felice's turn to lick my face clean.

Together, the two women shoved me not too gently onto my back on the mattress. The look of predatory desire on their pretty faces might have daunted another man. But I was wired



into this scenario, fully committed and having the time of my life. It had already outstripped any fantasy I'd had.

On my back, I lifted my head and watched as their mouths closed over my swollen cockhead. The sight and sensation took me to a new plane of pleasure. Their tongues danced like fairies over my knob. They both licked up my dribbling pre-come. Their tongues also met around my crown. Two women French-kissing each other, with my cock thrust between them. Fantastic!

In a daze I felt them take turns going down on me. They were both accomplished cocksuckers. They each swallowed me to the base of my shaft, while the other licked my balls. They also did me harmonica-style, running their open mouths up and down the sides of my veiny staff at the same time.

I drifted on a sea of unreal bliss. I was on the brink of coming, but instead

of surrendering to my final eruption, I held off and basked in the heightened pleasure.

Finally, though, Sally moaned, "I need to ride this fucking cock!"

I gazed at them through half-lidded eyes. Sally climbed onto me, fitted my dick to her wet entrance and lowered herself. I put my hands on her hips as she started to buck on my boner. She came down hard, taking every inch of me. I thrust upward, spearing her core.

Felice reached around from behind and groped her friend's bouncing tits, tweaking the nipples hard. Sally's cries rose and rose as she rode me harder and faster.

When she came, she almost took me with her. But Felice got her off me and jumped eagerly into her place. She bounced on me with an animalistic urgency. I held on to her tits, while Sally leaned in from the side to kiss her hard, snarling lovely obscenities between

smooches.

Felice's climax tore through her like a visible storm, and she growled with pleasure. Then she climbed off me, and I somehow got up onto my knees. I needed to shoot my load; I'd been on the brink too long.

But who to come inside?

As I pondered that thought, the women lay down on their backs. They looked up at me—their faces glazed with lust and sweat. The air was hot, and the whole room smelled of sex.

"Come on our faces," Felice said.

"Shoot your jizz over our mouths," Sally ordered.

With a cry in my throat, I pulled at my cock and blasted their faces. They eagerly swallowed what they could of my cream, and I knew the glow of this fantastic summer would keep me warm well into the winter.

—H.B., Nashville, Tenn.



THREE-FOR-ALL





SECOND HELPING

Not long ago, two hunky guys moved into the apartment next to mine. We became fast friends and would visit each other's homes often for dinner, game nights, and...other activities.

Yeah, we starting screwing pretty fast. Adam and Leo quickly became my favorite fuck buddies.

One night, an innocent board game at their place led to me standing naked in between both men. They dropped to their knees, one in front and one in back.

Drunk with power—and a little wine—I rested my hands on their heads and gently pressed their faces against my ass and mound.

"Patience is not a virtue you possess, Angie," Adam said with a muffled chuckle.

He nipped my ass cheek and then soothed the spot with a kiss.

"How can I be patient when two hot men are teasing me?"

Adam peeked around the side of my thigh and asked, "What do you think, Leo? Should we give Miss Thang what

she's been craving from us?"

Leo replied, "Only if she asks nicely."

Oh, I would ask nicely. I would be so saccharin sweet they would have no choice but to ravish me.

They both looked at me, waiting patiently for me to ask for my pleasure.

"If you can spare a moment for a wanton, willing woman, I would so appreciate it if two fine gentlemen such as yourselves could please, please use your fingers, lips, tongues and cocks to make me come. Pretty please?"

I batted my lashes for added effect.

"That's pretty convincing," Leo replied. "Do you agree, Adam? Does our damsel in distress deserve a good fucking?"

Adam smacked his hands down on my ass and gave my cheeks a squeeze before chiming in, "Yeah, I'd say she's earned it."

Right on cue, Leo took hold of my hips and nuzzled my clit while Adam spread my cheeks with his fingers and circled my puckered hole with his tongue.

I left one hand resting on Leo's head. The other took a meandering journey over my torso and up to my breasts. I

stroked the delicate undersides of my tits until my nipples grew hard, then I swooped up and tweaked each nub.

"Oh," I gasped involuntarily.

My breasts have always been extremely sensitive, and sometimes I can feel a jolt of pleasure in my pussy when I play with them. That was definitely one of those times. The sharp twinges in my nipples echoed down below, making my cunt ache with longing.

Much to my delight, Adam and Leo seemed to sense my need. They each slipped a hand between my legs and drove two digits deep inside my pussy. I'd taken four fingers before, but not from two hands at once. Holy fuck, did it feel amazing.

It didn't take long for me to pick up their rhythm. I bounced on their digits, dropping hard on the downbeat.

I continued to enjoy the sight of two men on their knees pleasuring me. I wound my fingers through their hair to steady myself. Pressing their faces against my body intensified the sensation of their tongues lapping greedily at my asshole and clit.

Then an orgasm took me down like



a one-two punch. I was damn near delirious, shouting out nonsense because I'd lost the ability to form real words. My pussy rippled all around their fingers, milking them as if they were a cock that might come, too.

Even as I struggled to stand, my hips kept moving. My clit simply demanded more pressure, more suction, more everything.

When another wave of pleasure sent me careening forward, Adam seized the opportunity to dip his thumb into my asshole.

I moaned so loud that I swear the windows rattled. I was out of my mind and completely undone.

“It helped that Adam was making a meal out of my pussy while I sucked off Leo.”

Once I'd caught my breath and the tremors of pleasure subsided, Leo unlatched his lips from my clit and rocked back on his heels to look me in the eye.

“Now it's your turn to get on your knees,” he growled.

He tugged on my hand and guided me onto the floor alongside him, then he arranged me so I was on all fours.

“One hole for each of us,” he said to his pal.

“I like the way you think, but I have a better idea,” Adam responded.

He grabbed the rolling ottoman that sat in front of their couch and parked it in front of me.

“Your chariot, milady,” he said.

With Adam's encouragement, I sat on the ottoman and scooted my

ass right up to the edge. Then I laid my back on the tufted velvet top and allowed my head to hang back. It wasn't tough to see why Adam seemed to like this particular piece of furniture—it was exactly the right size to support me, so they could use my mouth and pussy at the same time.

Both men were still dressed. However, my mouth was watering, and I couldn't wait to suck dick.

Leo approached me first. He stepped up to where my head dangled over the side of the ottoman and dropped his pants. There wasn't a stitch of underwear in sight that night. All that stood between me and Leo's dick was a small stretch of open air.

“I like this,” Leo said.

He knelt behind my head, making his glorious dick briefly fall out of my line of sight.

“I'm full of amazing ideas,” Adam teased.

They each took hold of the corners of the ottoman and rocked me from side to side. After a full spin, I found myself looking up at Adam. Then another quick spin had me back with Leo.

After a few rounds of this, I truly had no idea who would claim my mouth. All I knew is that I was ready to suck someone's dick, and whoever landed at my head was in for a treat.

Finally, they spun me around so Adam was facing my mound, and that's where I stayed.

“Oh, yes,” he murmured. “Eating your ass is always a good time, but I do love the taste of cunt.”

Then he went to town, plastering his lips to my pussy and eating me like a starving man.

I moaned, which left my mouth wide open for Leo. Not wasting a moment, he plunged his dick between my lips. When his cockhead dipped into my throat, Leo's balls tapped my forehead.

I moaned again, but this time Leo's dick was in my mouth and muffled the sound.

“Fuck, Angie,” Leo groaned. He rocked his hips, pulling out just far enough so the raised edge of his crown bumped against my lips. Then he dove in deep to start the process all over again.

It helped that Adam was making a

meal out of my pussy while I sucked off Leo. Adam meant it when he said he loves the taste of cunt. The man doesn't just go down on a woman, he worships her, and he knows how to wield every tool in his arsenal—lips, teeth, tongue and fingers—to get a girl off. Every sound of pleasure he drew from me was raw and real, a fact that Leo appreciated very much.

“Whatever you're doing, man, don't fucking stop,” Leo said in between grunts. “Every time she moans I feel like I might—aaagh!”

He slammed his fist on the ottoman as come surged from his dick. My mouth was filled to the point of overflowing. I swallowed all I could, but plenty of cream still oozed out and dripped onto my cheeks.

Then, very slowly, the ottoman rolled away from Leo, and he eased his dick out of my mouth.

“Ready for more?” Adam asked.

I swallowed the last of Leo's come before I replied, “Always.”

Adam slipped his cock into my snatch and wound my legs around his waist, and I locked my ankles around the small of his back.

“You are without a doubt my favorite ride in town,” he said.

My pussy was already soaking wet, which made it easy for him to piston his dick into me over and over again. But the real world melted away after he laid his callused thumb atop my clit and rubbed it.

“Fuck, Adam! Yes! Yes!”

Tension radiated from my core and spread to my limbs. My nails scraped against the ottoman's upholstery as I blindly searched for something to hold on to.

I didn't notice that Leo had once again sidled up to me until he took my breasts in his hands. His palms slid easily over my skin as he delivered a gentle massage that made me shiver. He continued to caress me as he watched Adam fuck me. When my back arched off the ottoman, Leo sensed I was close to climaxing and pinched my nipples. Then he dipped his head, took one of the turgid buds in between his teeth and flicked it with his tongue. While he suckled one tit, he massaged the other. He rolled my nipple between



his thumb and forefinger, and my back bowed again.

It was like Leo tossed lighter fluid onto a flame. When my mouth opened, no sound came out at all. My whole body grew tight like an overtaxed rubber band seconds away from snapping.

Then Adam pulled his dick out of my pussy, triggering my final orgasm of the evening. I found my voice again and let out a long, elated shout.

While I was falling apart, Adam directed his dick to shoot his come all over my tits and torso. Leo probably

got hit with a bit, too, but he was too busy lavishing attention on my breasts to care.

When Adam finished coming, he ducked down and licked me from my asshole to my clit.

"I just wanted one more taste," he said, sporting that sly grin that always sets the butterflies in my belly aflutter.

He swiped his thumb through the seed splattered on my stomach and lifted it to my lips.

He didn't have to ask. I sucked his whole thumb into my mouth and licked him clean, then I showed his dick the

same treatment. It wasn't the first time, and it certainly wouldn't be the last.

When dick is on the menu, I'm always hungry for a second helping.

—A.P., New York, N.Y.

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CHANGE OF PACE

Warren is a nice guy. He always has been. We met in a bar when he saved me from another dude who would not take no for an answer. The guy just kept hitting on me, trying to make me see the supposed error of my ways, and that's when Warren pretended to be an old friend. He loudly announced it had been so long since we'd last seen one another, and I played along. I was amused and relieved all at the same time.

So, yeah, Warren is nice. But he's not a beast in bed, and that's what I need

sometimes. Nice doesn't always cut it.

Matt, however, is a different story. I met him at my friend Sarah's baby shower, of all places. He gave me his number, and I said I'd call him soon—and I meant it.

Warren had a work thing. Two nights away and two states over. I decided to call my new friend and see if he was free.

He was.

Impatient for some passion, I arranged our meetup for a few hours after Warren left for his business trip. I rented a hotel room because my house is off-limits when it comes to flings. That's our space—mine and Warren's. A hotel room

is neutral territory, where anything goes.

I arrived at the hotel first and headed straight to the room. It was nice, lush. The bed looked soft and promising. I thought of all the things that could happen there. All the things we could do.

I shivered, feeling my erect nipples rub against the cups of my bra. I felt heat and desire pulsing between my thighs and my pussy pounding in time with my heartbeat.

My cellphone buzzed, and I glanced at it to see Matt's text: "I'm here."

I swiftly replied, giving him my room number and telling him to come up.

Then I waited for him to arrive.

The waiting was both frustrating and delicious. The anticipation was beautiful.

Before long, there was a knock at the door, and I gave myself a final once-over in the mirror. I fluffed my hair and struck a pose.

"You look good," I told my reflection.

I opened the door, and Matt and I stared at each other. But only for a beat. He stepped inside, pushed the door shut, grabbed me by the waist and hauled me to him. He planted a kiss on my lips that made my toes curl. I was kissing a man who wasn't my husband, and that triggered deliciously wicked feelings inside me. I pressed against him and felt his rock-hard rod inside his jeans. He was all worked up, just like me.

I pushed my hand down into his waistband, past his boxers, and found his cock. I gripped it and gave him a friendly squeeze. He growled into my mouth, cupping the back of my head and kissing me harder.

He pulled back to look at me and asked, "Do you know how many times I've beat off this week thinking about you?"

I shook my head as I said, "No clue."
"Dozens."

"Industrious," I said.

"Just horny," he replied. "For you."

Matt reached under my dress, then grabbed my ass and squeezed it.

I moaned when he pushed my panties down partway and shoved his hand between my thighs. He plunged his thick fingers into my pussy and roughly fucked me with them. He watched my face the whole time, and his gaze felt almost as intense as his fingers delving into my wetness.

Matt's thumb brushed my clit, and I gasped, gripping his shoulders to steady myself. My knees went weak, but he kept me stable and upright. His fingers continued gliding in and out of my cunt, his thumb brushing softly, and then not so softly, over my pounding clit.

My breathing was rough as I tried to hold on to him through the rush of my pleasure.

"Give me that orgasm, sweetheart," he said, and I gave in.

The spasms hit, and my pussy clenched. I clutched him as wave after wave of warmth and release

rushed through me and my sticky juice slickened the tops of my thighs. I was so slippery I heard his fingers working me.

"You need to fuck me," I groaned.

He surprised me by picking me up and carrying me to the bed.

After setting me down on the mattress, he undressed, and I grasped his naked dick in my hand and tugged on it, encouraging him to move closer to me.

I leaned in, took his cockhead into my mouth and sucked on it. At the same time, I whipped my tongue back and forth across the tip of him, sampling his salty pre-come. I cupped his balls,

"I was kissing a man who wasn't my husband, and that triggered deliciously wicked feelings."

stroking them with my thumb. He thrust into my mouth and pushed his hands into my hair as he drove in deep.

"I want to come inside your pussy," he said.

His words caused a thrill to ricochet through me.

I wanted that, too. I wanted his cock in me, and I wanted him to fill me up with the warm rush of his cream.

But first, I pushed my mouth down his shaft. I inhaled through my nose and drove my lips down to the root of him. He exhaled mightily, and then I pulled back slowly.

When his cock was free of my mouth, his eyes were wide and he was panting.

He had me stand and then he gathered my cotton dress in his hands. He pulled it over my head and then removed my lacy bra, too. He slid his

hands down my sides, outlining my curves. Then he cupped my breasts in his hands, and my small pink nipples poked against his palms. He took a moment to drag his fingertip over the sensitive nubs. Then he pushed my panties down all the way, and I stepped free of them.

I reclined on the mattress and stared up at him, so big, imposing and handsome.

He climbed atop me, pushed my thighs wide and settled between them. Gazing down between us, he ran the tip of his cock up and down my wet slit. He nudged my clitoris with it.

Impatient, I took hold of his erection and directed it toward my entrance, raising my hips and sighing as his dick finally entered me.

He let his weight rest on me, his bulk pushing me flat, but I liked it. The heaviness of his body, the intimacy of him moving in and out of me, while lying fully atop me. He slid a hand beneath my ass, angling me just a bit, and fucked me hard. He pounded me so intensely I feared he'd come too quickly, but he didn't.

He did manage to grind against my G-spot so perfectly that I came fast and hard while fisting the bedsheets in my hands.

He kissed my parted lips, swallowing my cries, then he rolled off me. I lay on my side, facing him and eyeing his stiff rod, which was standing at attention. I dipped my head and swallowed him down. I deep-throated him a few times, my fingernails stroking his balls, and when his hips did a restless little bounce, I pulled back.

"That's just an appetizer," I told him.

He groaned and said, "Nothing wrong with making a meal out of it, though."

"Maybe later," I told him. "We have the room all night."

As he lay on his back, I straddled his hips, rubbing my wet pussy along his dick but not taking it inside me.

"Stop torturing me," he groaned, releasing a rueful little laugh.

"But it's so fun," I said, raising myself and letting my hot cunt hover over his cock, barely touching the tip of him.

Impatiently, he grabbed my hips and then bounced his upward, driving his dick into me just an inch or so.



"You want me?" I asked.

"Yeah, I want you to fuck me," he said.

That was all it took. The words. The desperation in his tone. And my own hunger for cock.

I slid down his length, gradually letting his cock enter me in small increments. When I was fully seated and his dick was buried deep inside me, I started to rock. I didn't pull up much because his cock was knocking against all the perfect places inside me. My arousal was growing, and my body took over, finding its rhythm.

Matt cupped my tits, massaging them and pinching the nipples hard enough to make my cunt flex around his dick. I rode him eagerly then, all humor and teasing gone. I leaned into his bracing hands and moved to the beat of my pleasure. When I got closer to my orgasm, I switched tactics and moved from side to side.

That surprised him. He groaned, and I felt the sound deep within me. It was an animalistic noise that made me feel hornier. My cunt was flowing.

Matt let go of my breasts, grabbed my hips to steady me and started to thrust up from underneath me with commanding strokes that took my breath away.

My pussy grew tighter and wetter, and I moved a tiny bit against him, getting the best possible friction.

"I'm going to come," I told him. "Fuck, fuck! I'm going to come."

I let go, and my orgasm tugged at the center of me, emptying me of tension and filling me with pleasure. I tried to get off him—to get into another position—but he steadied me with a shake of his head. His hands gripped my waist, his digging fingers clutching me harshly. His hips drove up, his powerful thighs flexing.

He held me steady and true as he drove up from under me, his face a mask of intensity.

I stroked his chest, his arms and his shoulders. I used a firm but gentle touch, and that extra stimulation seemed to trigger something inside him. Matt grunted, thrust hard once more and came. I felt the warm rush of his load, the heat and wetness.

It was a fierce, passionate fuck—and exactly what I craved. Warren is my man, but Matt was exactly what I needed to feed my erotic hunger. Before we'd hooked up, I'd promised myself our encounter would be a one-time deal, but I knew in that moment it was a lie.

The next time my husband was out of town, I'd give Matt a call, and he'd come running.

—R.W., Sheboygan, Wisc.

CLASS ACT

Occasionally, my hubby and I would joke about which celebrity we'd choose for our sexual "hall pass." But one day he took the conversation further. He said a fling with an unspeakably hot woman was "not cheating"—and as an example, he named a leggy supermodel I'd seen on dozens of magazine covers. I let him have his fantasy and agreed with him. After all, there was little chance a woman as gorgeous and young as her would be interested in my very average hubby—no matter how nice of a guy he is.

But his words came to the forefront of my mind when I spotted my old classmate Lori, who'd been the hottest chick in high school. A fling with a hot woman wasn't cheating, right?

However, she wasn't alone.

I spotted her at a reunion held at a hotel bar, a casual get-together arranged through social media. I'd booked a room there for the night, just for myself. The hubby and I had been spending a lot of time together, and I needed an evening away. He didn't mind; in fact, he'd arranged to hang out with his buddies while I was otherwise engaged.

Lori was sitting in a corner near the bar with Luther. They were the "it" couple back in the day, and they still looked fine.

What's that saying—do first and ask forgiveness later?

I'd recognized them immediately, and they knew me on sight, as well.

Lori's long, dark hair hung in waves around her face. She looked like she hadn't aged at all. She had the same smooth complexion and wore a perfect amount of smoky eye shadow. When she saw me, the corner of her mouth quirked up, and she waved me over.

"Hey, hon! Good to see you. Want to sit with us?" she asked.

I'd heard they'd broken up years ago, but they seemed pretty comfortable from where I stood. And from the way their eyes assessed me, I got the feeling they wanted to get comfortable with me, too.





"Good golly, Ms. Mary," Luther said, smacking his palms on the table. He wore his letterman jacket, and it still fit well across his broad shoulders. "English Lit, right? You were the smart one."

I laughed, but he was correct.

He waved the waiter over, and I ordered a vodka martini—something to take the edge off, but not make me silly.

Lori scooted her chair closer and asked, "What are you doing these days?" Her thigh brushed against mine, and warmth spread throughout my body. "Whoops, sorry about that," she said, barely inching away.

It seemed like she was gauging my reaction to her "accidental" touch, as if testing the waters. But I didn't flinch.

"Nothing to be sorry about," I said, looking her directly in the eyes.

We chatted about our respective jobs for a little while, but it didn't take long before Lori recommended taking the conversation upstairs, where we could reminisce without all the loud music.

I could tell where this was headed, and I was pretty excited about the prospect.

In the elevator, they stood on either side of me. Luther sported a good-sized woody in his jeans, and he didn't try to hide it.

A few times, my husband and I had entertained a threesome fantasy. We'd talked about inviting someone into our bed, but never followed through with it. I didn't exactly mind the thought of him having sex with someone else. I just never wanted to see it. But this situation was different. He wasn't around, and it was all about me.

The ding of the elevator's bell as the car reached my floor was like a call to action. I grabbed Lori's hand and led my former classmates into my room.

Luther had retained his athletic brawn and wholesome good looks, but it was Lori who intrigued me. She licked her lips and raised an eyebrow. When we embraced, the feeling was so different from what I was used to experiencing. Our breasts softly pressed together. She ran her nails along my bare back, which was exposed by my revealing dress. In her arms, I felt so feminine and cherished. Her mouth demanded my attention. For the briefest moment, her sweet breath brushed against my cheek and then we were kissing. It felt so natural and sexy—and so unlike kissing my husband.

I was so wrapped up in the moment that I didn't even feel her untying the back of my halter dress. But soon a cool breeze danced over my nipples, and she slicked her tongue over one and then the other. Every flick sent corresponding sensations straight to my pussy. I moaned, begging for more. Luther took that as an invitation to join us. A moment later, he was behind me, cupping my breasts and grinding his rock-hard cock against my ass.

But that's when Lori broke contact with me, pulling my dress down all the

"With her fingers buried in me and her tongue buzz-sawing my button, I came."

way. I stepped out of the tangle of fabric and kicked off my heels. My barely there black thong hid very little. Instinctively, I covered my breasts with my hands, feeling suddenly shy.

"Why hide?" Lori asked. "Take off your thong, and let us see all of you."

Lori crawled onto the bed and leaned back against the headboard. Keeping her eyes on me, she spread her legs. Her black miniskirt hiked high on her hips, and beneath it, I saw a flash of her teal-colored panties.

I slipped off my thong, and she smiled with approval. Then she crooked her finger at me, gesturing for me to come closer.

Luther stood behind me and slid his hands over my hips. His touch made me moan softly.

"What do you want him to do?" Lori asked.

"Everything," I confessed.

Luther kissed the back of my neck and then bit down softly on the tender part of my shoulder, sending pulses of pleasure

through my body. He let his hands roam all over my naked form until they landed on my pussy and his digits delved deep. I practically purred at the sensation of his fingers gliding in and out of me.

"So wet. Are you hot for me—or for her?" he asked, his voice a sexy murmur.

I didn't answer him because I wasn't entirely sure what the truth was. Instead, I arched my back, rising onto my tiptoes and pressing my body back against him. He turned my face toward his, kissing me roughly and possessively. His stubble raked against my cheek. For a fleeting moment, I worried about him giving me a case of beard burn—one I wouldn't be able to hide from my husband. But the idea quickly evaporated as Luther urged me toward the bed, where Lori waited.

Something about their manner made me think they had experience working as a team to seduce a third, and that notion made me even more excited. As soon as I got near enough, Lori took my hands, and I let her direct me onto the bed.

I wanted to see her naked. Grabbing the hem of her shirt, I yanked it up, exposing her creamy stomach and gorgeous tits. I popped open the front clasp of her bra, delighting in the sight of her pale pink nipples, which were so different than my brownish ones.

Lori squirmed out of her skirt and panties, and then she raked her fingers through my hair, guiding my face toward her pussy. I didn't need further encouragement and dove in for a taste of her. My stroking tongue made her squirm, and erotic power surged through me as I made the hottest girl from my high school days groan.

"Oh baby, that's so hot," Luther said. His words seemed to encourage us both, and I heard the telltale sound of his zipper opening, as well as the rustle of his shirt.

Lori relaxed her hold on my hair and urged me to rise and reposition myself. Soon her mouth hovered over my pussy, the warmth of her breath caressing my sensitive flesh. My nerves danced with anticipation as I eagerly awaited the moment her tongue would make contact with my slit. I jumped at the first swipe.

Lori chuckled as her lips surrounded my clit, and the vibrations of her laugh traveled through my pussy to my core.

I don't know if it was the novelty of

being with her—the high school cheer captain—or her skill at giving head, but I lost all inhibitions and bucked against her pretty face. She flicked her tongue against my clit, slid it between my slick folds and plunged three fingers deep inside me. She seemed to instinctively know what I wanted and needed—and what would crank up my excitement. Soon, the sheet beneath me felt soaked with sweat and pussy juice, and with her fingers buried in me and her tongue buzz-sawing my button, I came hard. I rode the high as long as I could physically take it before sprawling out on the mattress, feeling like a melted puddle.

I didn't get much of a breather, though, because as I turned onto my side Luther came up behind me, raised my leg and slipped his cock into my pussy.

I was soaking wet from my orgasm and Lori's expert tongue, and he slammed into me to the hilt with one thrust. Lori stretched out on the bed next to me, watching my tits bounce as Luther

pummeled my pussy. Even though I'd just come, I felt another climax rushing toward me like a freight train, and I couldn't wait for it to slam into me.

Luther slid his hand through the back of my hair and yanked it as he said, "You see my pretty woman over there?" All the while, he continued to pound his cock into me. "Isn't she beautiful?"

Then he spoke to Lori, telling her, "Honey, spread your legs. Show Mary how you like to get yourself off."

Lori was more than willing to obey. But it was hard for me to pay attention to what Lori was doing with her fingers as Luther pummeled my pussy so perfectly.

At Luther's urging, we rearranged ourselves on the bed, so he could do me doggy-style while I tongued his girl. I'd never eaten out a woman before, but I'd had a good teacher, and I was happy to follow her earlier example. I lifted my ass further in the air, encouraging Luther to keep ramming me with his rod. Meanwhile, I set out to make Lori

feel as good as she'd made me. When he pushed his cock into me, I shoved my tongue into her. Soon, our motions flowed from one to the next, and the tightening in my core told me I was going to come again soon.

What really got me to the finish line was the idea of double penetration. I stuck my index finger in my mouth, getting it all slick. As I lapped at her clit and shoved my thumb into her pussy, I reamed her rear hole with my spit-slickened finger. Her hips danced on the mattress as she shoved her cunt toward my hand and face.

"What a fuckin' sight," Luther marveled the second before he groaned and shot his come into me.

Sore but sated, I slept like a log that night, and the next day, I returned home to my husband, who didn't have a clue about what I'd been up to the night before. Besides, it wasn't cheating, right?

—M.K., Helena, Mont.





THE DO-OVER

Nobody can completely disappear anymore. The internet and social media have made it more or less impossible. So past lovers might not stay gone, no matter how you parted from them, no matter how long ago.

I hadn't seen or heard from Josh since Christmas Day almost five years ago. Before my marriage to Charles, he'd been the one true love of my life.

We had tried to make it work. He'd been as stuck on me as I was on him, and our relationship had been intense and all-consuming. He had imprinted himself on my soul.

And of course the sex had been outrageously fantastic. He was impossible to forget.

I needed only to close my eyes and nudge my memory to conjure the shape of him in my mind, his muscular hardness and the tender touch of his hands. He was the first boyfriend I wanted to do everything with. No sexual position was too outré, no act summarily ruled against. I dressed in the hottest lingerie for him. I let him come on my tits and my face. I

greedily swallowed his come.

But our lives were going in different directions. He loved to travel, and his burgeoning career meant he was going to have to move around a lot. I wanted to settle down, become a homeowner and get married.

We split up on Christmas. We'd both known it was coming. Why we picked such a festive day to break up, I don't know. It just sort of happened. We had planned to meet, to talk, to make one last desperate attempt to come to some kind of compromise.

But it ended up being a bad scene, with harsh final words exchanged. I always regretted it—even though the breakup was inevitable. Still, that Christmas hung like an empty ghost date in my life's calendar ever since—the last time I'd seen Josh, the one who got away.

Life, however, had moved on. There had been other guys, then I met Charles and fell in love all over again; this time in what seemed a more mature, realistic way. Charles wanted the things I wanted, and when we married, I felt safe and loved and happy.

But nearly five years on, Josh contacted me through social media. It was a brief

message. Friendly. Curious. He asked how I was. He also told me he was in my town and asked if I would I like to see him.

His note seemed to open a slew of possibilities. Instantly my memories came surging. I didn't have to prompt them. All that exotic lovemaking, the many, many heavenly hours we'd spent together.

Maybe he, too, was married and only wanted to have coffee with an "old friend."

I didn't reply to the message at first. Instead, I mulled my options. But there was another factor entering into my calculations. Charles, two years earlier, had cheated on me. An old girlfriend had gotten in touch with him at his office. He'd thought a lunch with her that same day would be harmless.

But one thing had led to another, and they'd ended up in a motel room. He had confessed to me, torn up about what he'd done. It hadn't seemed so terrible to me at the time. Guilt had erased whatever pleasure he might have gotten out of it, and I forgave him.

Charles, as part of his self-imposed "penance," had told me, "If you ever want to even the score—you know, settle this thing in your own mind—go ahead and sleep with someone. Just don't tell me about it. OK?"

I'd been touched by that extreme contrition. But I'd never thought of taking up the offer—until Josh contacted me.

I let a few days pass before I responded to Josh's message. Then we exchanged a few more. Memories sang again in me, and my excitement grew. I had the growing sense Josh wanted more than a friendly get-together, and he admitted as much when I confronted him.

Lust and reluctance battled within me. I said nothing to Charles. It was late summer, the heat was still high and everything was buzzing with heightened life. That energy hummed in me as well.

Finally, I texted Josh: "Just this once."

He countered with: "OK. We'll make it count."

I went to his hotel. True to his life plan all those years ago, Josh traveled a lot and was only briefly stopping over in my city. When he met me in the lobby, my whole body lit up. He appeared exactly as I remembered. His eyes danced as he looked me up and down, and desire crackled between us. After exchanging friendly hellos, we went to his room.

For a moment, I stood in a kind of limbo. I barely felt the carpet underfoot. Josh had a dazed look on his face, and I thought maybe our hookup wouldn't happen.

But lust came roaring up through me, and before long, we were in each other's arms. I was kissing a man other than my husband for the first time since my wedding vows.

The contact was electric. Our lips parted, and our tongues met with savage urgency. I pressed against him, feeling his muscularity. His hardening cock prodded my mound, and my pussy was already flowing.

There was no looking back. We stripped out of our clothes and tumbled onto the big hotel bed. I no longer felt like I was floating. I felt incredibly in the moment, like every piece of me was alive. Sensation rippled across my bare skin, and when I touched Josh's body, it was as if sparks flew between us.

I love my husband, but he'd given me permission to do exactly what I was about to do. The only catch was I could never tell him.

As Josh and I rolled together across the broad bed, I thought, *Yeah, I can keep my mouth shut.*

We kissed like fiends, our tongues tangling madly. I remembered his kisses, the vibrant passion that had always been in him. But our hookup also somehow felt new. I took his erect cock in my hand as he cupped my breast, and we were like recently minted lovers. He was simultaneously both familiar and a stranger.

Those conflicting feelings only made the moment more exciting for me. I pumped his shaft, and he moaned into my mouth. He tweaked one of my sensitive nipples, and I squirmed with pleasure. He dropped his mouth onto my other breast and suckled. When his teeth grazed my nip, I groaned with joy. He nibbled softly, then with a little more pressure.

I squeezed his cock in my tight fist. I moaned deep in my throat, consumed by a rising heat. My skin seemed to sizzle. Pre-come drizzled from Josh's dickhead, and I smeared it over his swollen cockhead, making him squirm.

There were a hundred memories of him on tap in my mind. I thought of all the scenes we might replay. Then I threw out the old playbook. I wouldn't preconceive

this thing. It was to be the last time we'd be together like this. I decided to just let it happen.

We played for a while more, with fingers exploring and hands questing. I caressed his balls. He pinched my butt, and I licked his throat. He trailed two fingertips up the slick groove of my pussy, without penetrating me. Pleasure swarmed over me, and the expression of lustful enjoyment on his face was gratifying.

I wanted his taste in my mouth. I slithered down between his legs until his erection reared up before my eyes. I held his balls again and studied the impressive length of his rod. When I licked away the fresh dribbles of his milky pre-come, he shivered and groaned in approval.

“He stroked into me slowly, letting me feel the entire glorious length of him.”

My lips closed over his crown, and my tongue explored his enticing texture. His flavor, a purely masculine tang, hit me then, racing out of the past into the luscious present. Hungrily, I dropped my mouth down his shaft. I kept my tongue moving, coaxing the maximum amount of pleasure from him.

By the time I'd sucked him down to his base, he was groaning helplessly. Inwardly, I grinned. Then I started raising and lowering my head, deep-throating him with every downward plunge. It was hypnotic.

I increased my tempo, giving him some tight suction. I took his knob into my throat again and again.

But he pulled me off before he could shoot. Panting, he said hoarsely, “Let's save that, OK?”

He urged me onto my back, and his shoulders pushed apart my thighs. I felt his hot breath on my waiting pussy lips, the second before his tongue parted them

and delved inside. My pleasure soared, suddenly becoming intense. My breathing shortened, and the room seemed to spin.

Fastening his mouth to my slit, he licked the needy throbbing bud of my clit with the skill I remembered. A cry escaped my lips, and I reached for his head, lacing my fingers into his hair and yanking hard as my climax rocked me.

“Fuck me,” I murmured. He shifted upward and lay atop me, his face dripping with my juice and his eyes dancing crazily.

He slipped his cock into me, and the feeling was lovely. The connectivity of lovers, the ultimate primal bonding. Cock to pussy, an ageless tune, and we sang it once more.

He stroked into me slowly, letting me feel the entire glorious length of him. He'd always been well-endowed. That, of course, hadn't changed. But he could also still fuck with skill and sensitivity—attuned to me, to himself—bringing us together. In and out. Laying the foundations for my next climax and setting himself up for his own. We were in perfect sync, so much so that the decision to change positions occurred to both of us nearly simultaneously. The old varieties, which were also our new varieties. I wanted him every which way. I got onto my hands and knees, and he fucked me doggy-style. When that was done, I put him on his back and impaled myself on him, riding him like a bronco. Then I spun around and was doing a bucking reverse-cowgirl on him.

He had me from every angle. It was a glorious re-visitation of our old sexual stomping grounds. It was also the sweetest farewell ever, more than making up for that mournful Christmas years ago.

We ended up as we'd started, with him atop me. My orgasm boiled over, drowning me in joy. At the same time, he came like thunder inside me, unloading his sweet come and sealing us together the one last time that would forever be imprinted on my memory.

—T.M., Boise, Idaho

Have you had a secret affair and you're dying to spill the beans? Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department SO, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



GIRL CRUSH

LESBIAN LUST FLOWERS QUICKLY.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIZZY CASH









“PUSSY IS MY WEAKNESS.”

—MIA



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EROTICA

ROMAN HOLIDAY

An airline attendant is flying high on pleasure when her Italian booty call brings along his wife for a marvelous ménage.

BY ANA RESTIVO





You'd be amazed by how much of a city you can experience in just 48 hours. As a flight attendant who specializes in international travel, I've explored many popular destinations in a short period of time. Generally, I prefer brief stopovers. But Italy is the one exception to my rule, because Italy is where Marco and his wife, Lucia, live.

Marco and I met during my first trip to Italy. He was the front desk clerk who checked me in. There was an undeniable spark between us. Feeling feisty, I decided to call down to the front desk and request assistance in my room. Lucky me, Marco responded. He was just finishing his shift, but he had time for one last call, he told me. He never did leave the hotel that night.

Marco and I hooked up a few more times, whenever I was in town. I knew from the beginning he was married, but I didn't care, and he assured me that he and Lucia had a very open relationship. Oh, those Europeans.

Then one day, ahead of our next planned rendezvous, Marco asked

how I felt about him bringing his wife to join us at my hotel room in Rome. He had shown me pictures of Lucia, and I knew from our conversations that she's bisexual and has a penchant for sharing. If she was even half the lover her husband was, I knew I wanted to fuck Lucia. Of course, I told him to bring her along.

The first time I met her, I was struck dumb by her beauty and her aura of elegance. Pictures didn't do her justice. She wore a long trench coat that was expertly tailored to conform to every dip and curve of her frame. When she propped her foot on the mattress in my room, the coat opened just a smidge, teasing me with a peek at her gossamer-thin, thigh-high hose, which were supported by an elaborate lace garter belt.

Marco dropped into the large arm chair in the corner of the room that faced the bed.

"Why don't you two get acquainted," he said.

Lucia whipped the belt off of her coat and allowed the garment to fall open, revealing a gorgeous bustier that hoisted her plump breasts so high they

spilled over the top of the garment.

I wondered what those gorgeous globes would feel like pressed against my cheeks. Would she feel pillow-soft? Would her scent envelop me when I nuzzled the valley between her boobs? I was dying to find out.

"Do you like what you see?" she asked.

Her thick accent rolled over me. It was like Marco's, of course, but softer and lighter. I found myself torn between wishing she would talk dirty to me and longing for her mouth to be too busy exploring my body to utter another word.

"I do," I purred.

Reclining on the bed, I opened my arms wide in invitation and said, "Vieni qui, Lucia."

Come here, Lucia.

She smiled, and the room seemed to glow. She shrugged off the coat and allowed it to fall to her feet.

Lucia crawled onto the bed, moving toward me with the sexiest cat-like prowl. That night, I was her prey and I would surrender gladly.

Unlike Lucia, my outfit was less fussy and more functional. I've never been

one for elaborate peignoir sets. Instead, I opted to wrap my freshly showered body in the hotel's fluffy robe. I could still smell the soft scent of my lavender body lotion emanating from my skin. I wondered if Lucia could, too.

"You're so lovely," Lucia whispered as she slipped a delicate hand into the gap in my robe. She opened it completely, sweeping the terry cloth aside and exposing my breasts.

My excitement was evident. My breathing was erratic, and my tits rose and fell rapidly, which made them jiggle in an enticing manner.

Lucia let out the most adorable giggle. She traced the tip of one oval-shaped nail around the edge of my areola.

"So pretty," she whispered before trapping my nub between her thumb and finger and giving it a sharp tweak.

"Ahh," I gasped.

The small spark of pain heightened my growing pleasure to create the most intoxicating blend of sensations. Lucia hadn't gone anywhere near my pussy, and yet I felt the effects of her ministrations down there as well. A subtle pulse picked up between my legs, like a soft whisper that begged Lucia for her attention.

Fortunately, Lucia seemed to hear it. After releasing my nipple, she swept her hand down my torso, quickly gliding over my skin until she reached the promised land.

"Oh yes," I sighed.

Lucia's fingers settled atop my clit. She gently pressed the little button and ignited an inferno of lust that threatened to consume me.

"Marco, you didn't tell me she's so responsive," Lucia said teasingly.

She turned back to me and whispered, "I love a woman who knows what she likes."

Lucia's mouth descended on my neck, raining down a series of licks, kisses and delightful little nibbles while her fingers continued to stroke my pussy.

Before long, I was writhing on the bed. We'd only just begun, but it was clear Lucia was an attentive lover, and I was ready to give myself to her completely.

A single finger dipped between my

folds. She wiggled it a bit, then skated it right back up to my clit, smearing my juices along the way.

"You're so wet," she purred. "Just how I like my women."

Lucia's fingers moved lower again. This time, when her digits delved into my crevice, the heel of her palm rested against my clit.

"Do you like this?" she asked as she plunged her fingers deep into my pussy.

"Yes, oh, yes," I sighed.

"Good," Lucia replied.

She crooked her fingers so they pressed against my inner wall as she laid another kiss on my neck.

"Tonight is all about pleasure." Her

**"They were
unstoppable and
hell-bent on
delivering me the
utmost pleasure."**

fingers collided with my G-spot as she uttered the words, making it easier than ever for me to reply, "Oh God, yes!"

Somewhere through my sex-induced haze, I remembered Marco—sweet, sensual Marco—was seated only a few feet away from us. My eyes fluttered open and sought him out. I spotted him still sitting in the chair as he watched us—with his fist wrapped around his hard cock.

Suddenly, Lucia pulled her fingers out of my pussy, leaving me aching from the emptiness. My longing must have been etched on my face because before I verbalized my feelings, Lucia said, "Don't worry, I'm not done with you."

She sank onto the floor beside the bed and tugged at my ankles, so my legs lay draped over the edge of the

mattress on either side of her.

Lucia's lips curled into a seductive smile. Once she was settled between my legs, she palmed my thighs, urging them even further apart.

"Such a gorgeous cunt you have," Lucia murmured before she began lavishing oral attention on me.

Lucia started at my knee, pressing a gentle kiss there before licking a path upward along my thigh. After nuzzling the edges of my mound, she trailed her teeth over the delicate skin there, triggering an intoxicating tingle that spread to my pussy lips.

Lucia's ruby-red lipstick also smeared all over my skin, streaking my thighs with swaths of radiant color that contrasted with my peachy skin and reminded me of Tuscan sunsets.

Not that I was super focused on what I looked like. How could I be when I had such a gorgeous woman between my legs? Her espresso-colored hair fell in long, luxurious waves down her back. Every once in a while as she kissed me, the silky locks would brush against my skin and tickle my legs delightfully.

Finally, her lips collided with my pussy. She lapped up one side of my slit and down the other, skirting around my clit in the most maddening way. When she sucked one of my folds into her mouth, my back bowed and my toes curled.

Holy shit, she hadn't gone anywhere near my clit and already a hot pulse of pleasure surged through me.

Lucia waited until my ass landed back on the mattress to release one pussy lip and suckle on the other.

Her appreciative hum buzzed against my skin—like a vibrator, but so much better. Somewhere in the depths of my sex-addled brain, I started to wonder what the same sensation might feel like on my clit.

Thankfully, Lucia didn't make me wait long to find out. After lavishing each pussy fold with plenty of glorious suction, she traveled up to my clit and closed her lips around the sensitive bud.

I think my soul left my body when she worked her jaw from side to side, gently massaging my little pleasure powerhouse. Even such subtle movements were sparking such intense



pleasure. That woman knew her way around a pussy.

"Oh God," I groaned.

Lucia's hand landed on my thigh and gave it a squeeze, letting me know she heard me. Her nails trailed over my skin as she pulled away slowly.

"Don't stop," I shouted, pounding my fist on the mattress to emphasize every word.

Lucia continued to work magic with her mouth, using her lips, teeth and tongue to pleasure me. She rained down a series of flicks on my clit, tapping out a thoroughly intoxicating rhythm with her tongue that had my hips swinging. I was shamelessly grinding on her face.

As if that wasn't enough, Lucia took things further by bringing her fingers into play as well. While her mouth was busy worshipping my clit, her digits snuck up between her face and my pussy and plunged inside my wet and willing vagina.

Although that erotic encounter was our first time together, Lucia seemed to know exactly what made me wild with lust. She curled her fingers in a sort of come-hither motion and pressed their

pads against my spongy inner wall. I instantly felt a flare of arousal that made me gasp and shiver helplessly.

"Oh, fuck," I moaned.

I thought I might levitate off of the bed and fly off into the ether. Lucia played my body like a finely tuned guitar; she knew exactly which strings to pluck to create the most captivating music.

"Yes, yes," I shouted.

A telltale tension wracked my body, causing my muscles to coil up impossibly tight. My back and limbs became as stiff as a board, and then, all at once, a rush of pleasure made me melt right back into the mattress.

My hips bucked, smacking my pussy hard against Lucia's lips. Sweet, glorious juice gushed from my core as my climax rattled me. Lucia's face was glossed with my nectar. But she didn't let that distract her from sucking my clit. That woman ate pussy like a goddamn champ. She refused to stop until she'd wrung every last bit of pleasure out of me.

When the last of my orgasmic tremors had subsided, Lucia finally moved her mouth from my mound.

She turned and called to her husband, "Marco, will you join us?"

For the first time since we became entangled, I heard Marco's voice.

"Of course, my love," he said.

He walked to the bed and stood just behind Lucia, who was still comfortably nestled between my legs.

"Darling, I think Ana needs your cock."

Feeling it was high time for me to enter the conversation, I interjected and agreed, "Yes! Yes I do!"

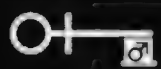
Lucia caressed my thighs, skimming her hands from my knees up to my hips, and allowed her mouth to hover just above my quivering sex. She looked up at Marco, who settled himself on the bed beside me, and told him, "Just make sure I can still eat my fill."

Marco leaned over and held out a hand to Lucia, tugging her up toward the mattress to join us. Then he slid his fingers along my slit and urged my pussy petals to part.

"Do you want more of this?" he asked, with his eyes firmly fixed on his wife.

She nodded, and we repositioned ourselves. I got on all fours, and Lucia





lay beneath me, craning her neck to lap at my snatch. She busied herself swiping her tongue over my clit as Marco cozied up to me. His erection nestled inside the crevice between my ass cheeks. Its warm, velvety skin felt incredible against my asshole.

I rocked my hips up and down, bouncing between them both.

At first, Marco let me control the pace. His hands wandered across my body, warming my skin. He pressed soft kisses along my back and shoulders. After every few smooches, he would pull back and enjoy the sight of his wife munching my box.

But eventually Marco wanted more. He reached between my writhing body and his, then he grabbed hold of his cock and swirled its bell-shaped head around the entrance to my pussy.

The slickness from my juices made it oh-so-easy for Marco to sink inside my cunt. He moved slowly, careful not to move me out of reach of Lucia's tongue.

Not that I think she would have let him. She allowed precious few seconds to pass without teasing my clit with her tongue or fingers. Even when I arched my back so Marco could enter me, Lucia still managed to hone in on my love button. She'd already drawn one orgasm out of me using her tongue, and she seemed determined to trigger another.

I leaned back against Marco, letting him guide our movements. He skimmed his hands over my hips and up my sides, stopping just beneath my breasts. He cradled my tits in his hands, palming them as he ran the rough pads of his thumbs over my nipples. His touch gently stimulated them so they grew erect and even more sensitive. But it was his quick, sharp pinches that made me shout because they came just as Lucia elicited another orgasmic quiver from my cock-stuffed cunt.

Marco and Lucia worked as a team. Together, they were unstoppable and hell-bent on delivering me the utmost pleasure. They were in sync, not needing to speak or even look at one another to know exactly how to achieve their common goal—making me come as many times as possible.

By that point in the evening, words were escaping me. If I'd had my wits about me, I would have urged them on with obscenity-laced dirty talk and wicked endearments. But by that point, all I could do was moan.

I was quickly losing control and was already teetering on the edge of another explosion when Lucia reached up between Marco's legs. When he groaned into my neck and dug his fingers into my hips, I guessed she'd slipped a finger in his asshole—maybe even two.

That's when Marco's gentle, languid lovemaking took on a very different rhythm. He plowed into me with short, powerful thrusts, moving so fast that every hitch of his hips threatened to lift my knees off the mattress.

Of course, Lucia kept us all grounded. She held me and her husband firmly in between her face and her hand—precisely where she wanted us.

It wasn't until Marco shouted that he was going to come that Lucia removed

our combined offerings on her flawless face. I rolled on top of her, bracketing her body with my arms.

Her heaving body was shiny with sweat. I placed a trail of kisses along her neck, occasionally lapping at her salty skin. I pecked my way up to her face, which was smeared with sex juice and spunk. I kissed her sloppily, tasting the tangy flavor of fucking.

Then, ever so slowly, I licked a path down to Lucia's breasts. She writhed rhythmically as if to unheard music as I swirled my tongue over the twin mountains of her tits. They were indeed as soft as they looked, and I nuzzled them appreciatively.

From the way she danced with desperation on the mattress, I could tell Lucia the powder keg was on the verge of exploding. Fortunately for her, I knew just how to light her fuse.

I shimmied down between Lucia's legs, yanked her wet thong to the side and treated myself to some Italian dessert. She was sweeter than any

“Her body undulated as if flowing along with each orgasmic wave that washed over her.”

her mouth from my cunt—and her hand from his rear—and rested on the bed beneath me.

Marco pulled his cock out of my pussy, grabbed hold of his juice-slickened shaft and pointed it downward—right at his wife's beautiful face.

Dipping my head, I was able to watch as thick, white cream jetted out of his dickhead and splattered all over Lucia's lips and cheeks. She'd opened her mouth wide to catch all she could. But she lapped up anything that missed the mark, gathering up his goo with her tongue. She seemed ravenous.

I pulled away and saw her beautiful face glistening from my juices and the sticky remnants of her husband's load. I was overcome by the desire to taste

dolci I'd ever sampled, and I couldn't get enough of her. I lapped at her furiously, hearing the panting breaths of her husband, whose arousal seemed to soar once more as he watched our sapphic coupling. When she came, her body undulated beautifully as if flowing along with each orgasmic wave that washed over her. She was sensuality personified, and I was awestruck by the sight of her surrendering to her pleasure.

We spent the rest of the evening in more or less the same way, taking turns getting one another off until I had to take off—for work, of course.

I hated to leave Marco and Lucia. But it's true what they say—absence makes the heart grow fonder, and the next time I return to Italy, I know I can expect their warm and loving welcome. 





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PHOTOGRAPHY DIZZY CASH









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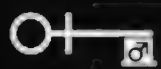
SPOTLIGHT ON GIRL MEETS GIRL

HEAVENLY BODIES

A nighttime encounter on the beach with a beautiful stranger makes summer sizzle for a love-hungry hottie.

BY JANA LUTZ





Donald was the latest romantic casualty in my life—or maybe I was the victim. It was getting so I couldn't tell anymore who was breaking up with whom. All I really knew was I'd been having a bad run with boyfriends and had a serious case of "love nausea."

Men were just such trouble. Every awful cliché I'd heard guys say about girls seemed to be more true about them, as much as I hate to generalize. But I'd been exposed to such neediness, such bitchiness, with guys who started arguments for no reason and got jealous at the drop of a hat. You name it.

The whole thing had worn me out. So there I was in the waning days of a summer I'd hoped would be fun and frolicsome. Instead, the season had been a slog of unnecessarily tangled relationships. Yes, I'd gotten my share

of cock out of it, but the emotional price had been too high.

I needed a break. Not just from romance, a real getaway from everything. I wanted to grab a piece of summer before it was all used up, before autumn got its teeth into things.

Where could I go? I couldn't afford an expensive vacation. Besides, I didn't want to travel to anywhere particularly exotic. I just needed a change of scenery—and to maybe even see the ocean.

That made a bell ring in my head. My friend Vanessa had inherited a little house on the beach. She'd been meaning to fix it up and rent it out, but at that point it was just sitting there empty. She'd described it as shabby but functional and had offered to let me use it several times, so I gave her a ring.

She greeted me teasingly by saying, "Calling to brag about your latest sexcapades?"

I rolled my eyes, even though

she couldn't see me, and told her, "Hardly. Donald's in the trash can, with all the others. I could really use some alone time somewhere. I was wondering if your place on the beach is still available?"

"Absolutely, darling. I'll feel less guilty about it if somebody—anybody—is using it," she told me.

"I can pay you," I offered.

"Don't you dare!" Vanessa yelled. "Maybe you'll meet some hot stud out there. Just tell me all the dirty details when you get back. That'll be payment enough."

I thanked her profusely, threw a bag in my car and headed out.

Upon arriving in the sleepy coastal town, I easily found Vanessa's isolated house, which was set far away from any neighbors. It had a great view of the beach, which was a long ribbon of bright sand lapped by tireless, foamy waves. I could hear the faint crash of them from the house, and the sound was soothing.



I quickly settled in, unpacking and stowing away my food and other supplies. I changed into a bikini and went to bask on the front deck. The sun felt warm and delicious, and my body and mind started to unknot some. Sweat gathered on my skin, and I dozed off.

In a half-dream state I found my gauzy thoughts turning to Julia. Maybe it was inevitable. Our time together had taken place in another seaside burg, when we were both college students on spring break. I still associated salt air and the roar of the tide with her, even though she was years in my past.

Julia. Sweet Julia, with that cute face, that pert ass, those firm boobs. Such a lovely woman, so warm, so friendly, so caring. I'd met her on the beach. We fell in together, the way you do on spring break.

At first, we were just pals. We romped in the surf, giggled as we traded stories and pointed out hot guys jogging along the shore. We walked arm in arm, and when she laughed, sometimes she would bury her face against my shoulder.

One night we went back to her motel room, intending to shower and change before hitting the clubs. But we decided to go under the steaming spray together and soaped each other up, hands gliding over smooth bodies. We didn't say anything, but our giggling had stopped entirely.

I remembered the feel of her breasts as I'd lathered them, touching her as I'd never touched another woman before.

Her body was so familiar, yet so exotic. Her nipples grew hard, and she sighed as the hot water rained down on us.

Suds ran from her hands as she moved them over me. We stood close together, but before long, we were in each other's slick arms, pressing our bodies together tightly. My erect nipples brushed hers as my hips jerked of their own accord, and we were soon grinding our crotches together.

When we finally stepped out of the shower stall and towed ourselves dry, there was no thought of dressing again. Hand in hand, we went to the bed. There we lay down, again embracing, and I had my first kiss with a woman. It

was unbelievably sweet and tender.

However, my passion rose quickly, and our kisses grew more urgent. Our tongues tangled fiercely, and I couldn't pretend the moment was anything innocent anymore. But I don't think I was really analyzing anything. I was caught up in the amazing sensuality of the situation.

We kissed and caressed, and our touches got bolder and bolder. I seriously groped her tits, and she tweaked my aroused nipples, sparking fiery little jolts of bliss. I threw a leg over hers and ground the wet groove of my pussy against her thigh.

She was lithe and nimble, showing no hesitation. She wanted me—that was obvious. An excitement flared in me, and

**“I groped her ass
some more, then
I dared to slip my
hand between
her legs.”**

yet I felt almost no nervousness. Julia put me at ease, even as she made my pussy gush.

When we started fingering each other, I knew I was past the point of any return. I was having my first lesbian experience, and no amount of revision could ever change that. I'd never realized I had it in me. It was, really, a happy discovery. I was more interesting than I'd believed—desirable to both men and women.

Her fingers felt so good in my pussy. She stroked in and out, taking her time. When she grazed my clit, it was with a knowing touch.

I delved into her, as well. The slick feel of her flesh enticed me. Instinctively, I seemed to know how to bring her pleasure, and her moans were

gratifying. Soft cries rose in my own throat, and we slowly and gradually brought each other to climaxes. The ecstasy washed over me like a lazy wave, inundating me completely.

We did everything that night. I licked her pussy, and she ate mine. We wrangled ourselves into a scissors arrangement and humped our crotches together until our orgasmic cries rang out.

And she didn't crash after she came. It was refreshingly different from my previous male lovers. The dark hours just continued to unfold, brimming with exploration and fulfillment, with tenderness and urgent feminine need.

In the way of spring break hookups, I never saw Julia again. Neither did I ever get together with another woman after that. The circumstance just never again presented itself, I guess. I didn't quite know how to let another chick know I was interested in her. What if I did something stupid and approached someone who didn't swing that way? The playing field was too unfamiliar, I suppose, making me doubt myself.

So I continued on as I had before, fooling around with men only and occasionally wondering in exasperation why they couldn't be more easygoing and less troublesome—like Julia. With her, everything had been natural and smooth. I couldn't have asked for a better first-time lesbian episode.

Back in the present, evening came while I napped on the house's front deck. I awoke, went inside and made myself a drink, then I grabbed a pair of binoculars I'd found in a closet. The stars started coming out, but the temperature stayed nice. So I remained in my bikini, enjoying the caress of the summer air.

But a naughty thought suddenly occurred to me. I glanced left and right, but I wasn't in the line of sight of another house. Grinning, I undid my bikini's top and bottom strings and tossed the pieces aside. The gentle ocean breeze licked my bare flesh. I turned the binoculars on the sky overhead.

It wasn't like the city. The lack of light pollution let the star field really shine. I looked for constellations, dredging up old astronomy lessons in my mind.



The points against the cloudless black above were sharp and radiant. I felt I could almost reach up and touch them.

Naked beneath the stars, I felt real contentment. I had weathered a storm of faulty romances that summer, but I'd come through. I knew I could regain myself, reset my expectations. All would be as right with my universe as with the one on grand display above me.

As that thought hit my brain, a peal of laughter brought me back to earth.

I was suddenly self-conscious of my nudity. Then I realized I hadn't turned on any lights in the house. Surely I would be invisible on the deck.

The laughter had sounded like a woman's.

I squinted at the beach spread wide before me. It appeared empty. I raised the binoculars to my eyes. The starlight was brighter than I'd expected. The sand seemed to glow, and the waves

came ashore with a foamy commotion.

There was movement out there. I steadied my hands and focused. Someone was on the patch of beach directly down from Vanessa's house. It was indeed a woman. She was running about in the incoming waves, splashing with her feet and turning in playful circles.

She was also completely naked like me.

My throat tightened as I observed her. She was wet from the surf, and her skin gleamed in the astral light. She twirled, and her damp hair spun. A grin lit up her face. Her body was superb-toned but still displaying a feminine softness. Her breasts were high, her thighs nicely molded, her belly flat.

My mind helplessly flashed back to a remembered image of Julia in the shower, how her bare skin had glistened with water.

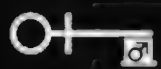
The memory triggered a sudden surge of excitement within me. But I tried to ignore it because all I was doing was spying on some innocent stranger who was wallowing naked in the surf.

But the sight of her made my flesh tingle. I heard her laughter again, echoing across the flat expanse of sand, sounding ghostly yet carefree. That woman had few inhibitions, whoever she was.

I couldn't look away. It was like she was dancing for me, a water nymph come to lure me. Something out of a myth. But one of those steamy myths with a bare-breasted maiden from the island of Lesbos.

I laughed softly, but as I did I looked down at myself and realized with a start that the starlight was bathing me, too. Granted, I had a pair of binoculars, but if I could see her, it was entirely possible she'd seen me as well.





My hunch was confirmed when I put the binoculars to my eyes once more and found her looking straight at me. She waved. Numbly, I lifted a hand and waved back.

There. Contact established. I could either run away into the house, or I could...

I set the binoculars down next to my barely touched drink. I rose, and with deliberate strides I headed down to the water's edge. My naked body shivered with excitement.

As I neared her, I saw where she'd dropped her clothing. She was standing, waiting with her hands on her shapely hips. There was a grin on her face, and I saw with absolute clarity what a pretty face it was. Her body was a vision in the pale but strong light.

"Hi," she said.

"Hi."

We could have traded pleasantries, maybe even laughed at the situation. I could've made friendly overtures and invited her back to the house for a cocktail. We could've let the first primal moment of our raw encounter slide past us, and we could've proceeded on a

slightly more civilized footing.

But the memory of Julia burned like a flame within me. Then it went out with a fierce suddenness, and I was faced only with this lovely lady gazing back at me with a look of blatant lust.

My pussy grew slick, and my nipples hardened.

As I crossed the last few feet between us, she moved toward me. We slipped into each other's arms as naturally and smoothly as if we'd choreographed it.

She was slick with salt water. I smelled it in her hair, which was plastered lightly across her forehead. We pulled tight against one another. Our breasts pushed together, the smooth feel of her was like a miracle in the night.

Our mouths hovered for only an instant, then our lips met. Our kiss was searching, lively and fearless. Our lips parted, and our tongues tangled with unmistakable passion.

I reached down and cupped the succulent swells of her ass. She wedged a hand between us and closed it over my breast. Her grip was firm and

unapologetic. My hard nipple pushed against her palm. I wanted her badly.

The feeling appeared to be mutual. I wondered if she'd performed that naked frolic for my amusement. She may have spotted me sitting nude on the deck. Maybe she'd even seen me when I'd slipped off my bikini and taken a chance that I might be interested in her. I liked the idea of that gutsiness, so forthright and confident.

We ground our bodies together, pressed crotch to crotch. I groped her ass some more, then I dared to slip my hand between her legs. I found her wet slit. She moaned as my fingers entered her, the sound a frail rag against the cymbal crash of the waves. The water reached us where we stood together, and the foamy sea lapped at our calves. I felt the pull as the water drew away, and droplets spattered our bodies.

My fingers speared her, and she moved her hips, sliding up and down on my digits. She clung to me, gasping, as I licked her salty throat and finger-fucked her deeper. Her clit seemed to pulse, and her silken walls closed tight



on my fingers. I worked her diligently, and I was rewarded with her climax. I raised my glazed fingers to my mouth and smeared them over my lips. She licked her juices off me, then thrust her tongue between my lips.

Standing in the surf was very romantic, but I wanted to lie down with her. She had the same idea. We moved up further onto the dry sand. We lay side by side, facing each other. The beach still held the heat of the day.

We kissed wildly, our tongues plunging deeply. Her hands roamed over me. I caressed her in return, but she moved me onto my back and began kissing a trail down my throat, across my breasts and along my stomach.

I opened my legs, and she nestled herself between them. She exhaled a warm breath onto my damp pussy. I saw her tongue flash in the starlight, then I dropped my head back onto the sand as she made contact.

It was delicious. Her tongue traced my outer lips and parted the folds, and then she was inside me. She probed me deeply. I felt myself sinking into the sand, pleasure flowing over me like the accumulated heat of the entire summer.

She stabbed lovingly at my clit with the soft point of her tongue. She batted the sensitive bud, coaxing it and bathing it. Cries came out of me, softly at first, then rising through the octaves and climbing in volume.

When she gave my clit a frisky nibble, I quaked. Orgasmic energy of incredible potency shook me, and my juices flowed. Her mouth stayed glued to my slit. When she finally broke contact, I heard her heaving breaths.

My climax hadn't enervated me. If anything, I was spurred on, given new vigor, and I knew what I wanted to do with that strength.

I reached for her and pulled her up onto me. I kissed her thoroughly, getting the taste of myself from her tongue. Then I kept tugging, guiding and situating her. She understood. I stayed on my back, and she straddled my face, lowering her pussy onto my waiting mouth. My tongue met her warm, slippery flesh, and I thrust it up purposefully into her. I was rewarded with the pure clean taste of her, a feminine flavor accentuated with the natural saltiness of the sea.

“She straddled my face, lowering her pussy onto my waiting mouth.”



I clutched her peachy cheeks and ate her with gusto. She groaned and soon her wetness covered the lower half of my face. I gave her clit my utmost attention, lavishing the swollen nub with my fluttering tongue.

She ground down against my mouth. I looked up and saw her squeezing her own tits. As her climax struck, her body grew taut, like a bow, and her pussy released a little spurt of juice.

Finally, she swung off me. We sat up on the sand with our eyes blazing in the night. But the sexual connection was still crackling between us; we weren't done yet.

We fairly leapt together into a scissor position, acting on perfect instinct. My pussy met hers, our drenched lips

pressing together. We made further adjustments. I braced my hands behind myself, and she set herself hard against me.

On the sand, we humped like mad; it was a crazed girl-fuck under the stars. A commingling of female flesh celebrated by the heavens themselves. Icy points glimmered in the black sky above as we galloped together toward climax. The searing pleasure burned my being to ash and melted her, as well.

At least, that's how it felt. Afterward, we finally said something more than "hi." I did indeed invite her in, and she turned out to be a lovely person. I took her to bed, and the night continued in all its glory, and everything remained in harmony between us. ☞



FLOWER CHILD

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACOB RIVERA







“MY PASSION KEEPS GROWING!”

—BLAKE









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A field of red poppies with a typewriter, an open book, and a camera lying on the ground.

TRUE CONFESSIONS

THE ROOT OF LUST

Attraction grows between a hunky landscaper and a young woman, whose house-sitting gig blossoms into a hot hookup.

BY AMELIA HUDGENS





Donna and her man decided to go island-hopping ahead of their wedding, so I volunteered to house-sit and take care of her menagerie. I had nothing else going on that summer, and some time in a nice house with central AC and all the streaming services I could want sounded like a vacation to me.

It was just me, her four dogs, two cats and a fish named Jericho rattling around in that big house. I was pretty happy with the arrangement, given that I'd just broken up with my serious boyfriend of six years. I was far from wanting any kind of emotional engagement.

But when the lawn guy arrived that first Monday of the month, I realized my desire for physical entanglement was still very much on the table. Dating and building a relationship? No. But fucking? Absolutely.

I went outside, waving him toward me as if I were a member of a ground crew directing a pilot to his runway. He cut the power mower, pulled back his ear protection and flashed me a big friendly grin that shot desire straight to my naughty parts.

"Hey, there! You're not Donna," he said.

"Correct," I said. Then I introduced myself and asked, "Would you like a cold drink?"

"I'd love one," he replied. His eyes scanned me with no attempt to hide his interest.

I liked that. His bold appraisal made my heart jump and my nipples stiffen.

"You want it now, or when you're done?"

He surveyed the lawn, then looked at me like I was his impending treat.

"I'll be done in about 15 minutes—tops. I'll come up when I'm done."

I gave him a nod and bounced back into the house, feeling giddy. Inside my panties, my pussy was thumping in time with my heartbeat. It was also wet. I felt the moisture growing between my thighs.

I busied myself making lemonade in a hurry. Granted, it was powdered, but I had to make do. As I stirred the mixture, I rubbed my thighs together, the friction

of my flesh feeding my desire.

God, I wanted to fuck that man, and I had no idea why I was so fixated on him. But the why didn't really matter.

As promised, there was a knock on the door within 15 minutes. Even though I was expecting it, I was still startled and actually let out a little yelp.

I called out and invited the guy in, realizing I didn't even know his name.

The oldest and biggest dog, Chester, gave him a glance but didn't bother to get up.

"You must know who it is," I said to the pooch.

None of the animals reacted, in fact. So I guessed the lawn guy was not a stranger.

"I'm Brian," he said, finally introducing himself. He took a deep breath and said, "The AC feels great. That end-of-summer heat is not my friend."

I walked over and clicked the temperature down another few degrees for his sake and asked, "Lemonade OK?"

"Perfect."

I went into the kitchen to pour two glasses over ice, while he stood near the vent and relished the cold air.

I was rummaging in the kitchen for cookies when Brian entered the room. He'd pulled off his reflective safety vest, which left him in a sleeveless navy blue tee that seemed sun-bleached in places. Somehow, the visual made me even hornier.

He waved the vest in his hand and explained, "This was my last stop of the day, and I was ready to get out of this thing."

"Fine with me," I said. *Mighty fine.*

I found the cookies and promptly dropped the bag.

Swearing softly, I bent over to fetch them and froze. I felt his gaze on me. I knew he was looking. My short shorts had ridden up, and they had to be showing the lower curves of my ass cheeks. I held my pose, letting him get a good look.

When I turned around, he seemed to be flustered that I'd caught him ogling me, and his expression made me laugh.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, what?"

"Did I pass inspection?"

He leaned against the counter,

grinning, and told me, "Oh, you passed the second I saw you from the yard."

Bashfulness and arousal flooded my face with heat. Was I really going to be bold? The answer was yes.

"Would you like to see more, while you enjoy your cool drink?"

He sipped and nodded.

I gradually raised my tank top, using moves reminiscent of the burlesque dancers I'd once watched in Las Vegas. Upon seeing the first hint of my bare flesh, he uttered an appreciative sound. I revealed a flash of pale belly, the curve of my waist, the underside of my tits. I was braless. Even with air-conditioning, the day had felt too hot

**"As my ecstasy
soared, I went
limp in his grip
and surrendered
to his rhythm."**

for suffocating undergarments.

I took my sweet time pulling my tank up to the midpoint of my breasts, allowing a small flash of nipple. When he hummed happily, I tugged it up higher to expose the whole halo of pink flesh.

He drained his glass, turned on the water and washed his hands—all while gazing at me over his shoulder.

Then he turned and tossed his chin at me as he said, "Take it off."

His voice was bold but not brusque. His tone made me hornier, and I obeyed him without hesitation. I yanked the top over my head and dropped it to the floor. My hair was in two braids that hung down on either side of my breasts.

I stood before him with my heart pounding, wearing nothing but my shorts.

He stepped closer, his big work boots making heavy footfalls on the tile floor.

"Let me help you," he said, hooking

his thumbs in my waistband and partially peeling down my shorts. He smiled lewdly when he realized I wore no undies and said, "No panties, huh?"

"Too hot," I replied.

"I'll say," he responded, letting his gaze linger on my nakedness.

He pushed my shorts all the way until they slid down my legs and settled on the floor. I stepped free of them and stared at him.

"You're completely clothed, while I am utterly naked."

"Mm-hmm," he said. His hands trailed down my sides, slid along my hips and traced the outline of my thighs.

I felt goose bumps rising on my skin and even more wetness pooling between my thighs.

"Are you going to do something about that?" I asked, swallowing hard.

"Yep."

But Brian didn't make a move to take off any clothes. Instead, he got down on his knees and pushed my thighs apart, widening my stance. Then he slid a thick finger inside my pussy.

I almost melted. I was so turned on that the pressure of him slipping one digit inside me was enough to make me hum with pleasure.

He added a second finger and said, "You're very wet. I think you can take another."

I nodded, shutting my lids and letting bliss wash over me. But my eyes shot open when I felt the warm, wet swipe of his tongue over my clit.

He did it again and again. I sighed contentedly. He continued lapping at my slit with lazy swipes of his tongue as his fingers flexed inside me.

My hips lurched forward as my body sought even more of his attention. I grabbed the back of his head, feeling his damp hair beneath my palm as I pushed my pussy against his mouth.

Brian's tongue moved faster, in circles, in whirls, in slashes. His fingers worked me from inside. And within moments, I was coming, crying out in the sunny kitchen as my orgasm shook me. I heard his fingers sliding in and out me—the wetness, the suction.

"Nice," he said.

I grabbed the back of his well-worn tee and teasingly tugged it as I demanded, "Clothes. Off. Now."



"Yes, ma'am!" he replied, standing at attention and giving me a playful salute. Next, he toed off his work boots, and I grabbed his tee and yanked it over his head.

Beneath his shirt, Brian was a lovely, tanned slab of toned abs with a trail of hair from his belly button leading down beneath the waistband of his khakis.

Dragging my fingertip over the hair, I eyed the front of his pants and admired the telltale bulge, which meant there was a hard cock there—all for me.

His belt buckle jingled as he unfastened it. Then he popped his button, dragged down his zipper and pushed off his pants. He grabbed me around the waist and kissed me. His tongue tasted like my pussy, and it was warm as it tangled with mine.

His hands drifted down and cupped my ass, and then he lifted me. My butt hit the cool counter, and I wrapped my legs around his waist, allowing my wet

pussy to kiss his stomach. He found my clit with his thumb and gave it a little tweak. Then he pushed my thighs wide and moved in closer. He dragged me to the edge of the counter, pushed his warm cockhead against my slick slit and then thrust into me swiftly.

I gasped, my body writhing and grinding against his. My pussy gripped his cock tightly, and a shiver of pleasure worked its way down my spine. I sighed and gripped his shoulders, moving with him as he tugged me toward him with every thrust of his cock. As my ecstasy soared, I went limp in his grip and surrendered to his rhythm. The closer he got to his release, the closer I got to mine.

Brian buried his head against the side of my neck as he fucked me. His fingers bit into the meat of my ass as he held me tight. His cock stretched me, touching every tender spot deep in my pussy that needed his attention.

He bit my neck, and my pussy

clamped down around him.

"Yeah, that's nice," he growled. And he bit me again.

My pussy gripped him once more, milking him like a fist, and he murmured in my ear, "I'm so close."

Those simple words gave me a thrill.

"Do it," I hissed hotly. I liked knowing he was losing control while his dick was buried in me.

Brian's lips latched onto my neck, and his fingers were digging into my skin. The sensations rocked my body, and my cunt rippled like liquid around him as I came.

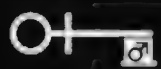
As I quivered uncontrollably, he continued pistoning his cock in and out of my pussy until his climax hit and filled me to overflowing with his cream.

Once I caught my breath, I told him, "You were a nice break in my day."

With a grin, he said, "Glad to be of service."

Brian left shortly afterward, but he didn't leave my thoughts. I found myself





reliving our hot hookup later that night as I made myself a simple pasta dinner for one.

Sitting at the dining room table, listening to a podcast and sipping white wine while I ate, I replayed our interlude in my head in a highly erotic loop.

The air conditioner was still turned up high, blowing cool air against my back. I smiled at the memory of him clutching my ass and fucking me hard and the way his toned, tanned body arched when he came.

I was so lost in thought I jumped when the doorbell rang

All the dogs raised their heads and looked at the door, but no one barked. The smallest mutt, Pierre, beat a happy rhythm on the hardwood floor with his tail.

The chime sounded a second time, and my heart hammered in my chest.

I knew who it was, and I was glad.

Still, I checked the peephole first to confirm my suspicion. Then I pulled the door wide and flirtatiously said, "Can't

get enough of a good thing?"

"Nope," Brian answered with a playful smile. "I need more."

He swept into the house, pushing me back and knocking the door shut with his arm. He grabbed me by the ass and hoisted me up. With my arms and legs wrapped around him, Brian brought me straight to the bedroom.

He dropped me gently onto the mattress, and I flicked on the bedside table lamp. Its soft glow illuminated his intense eyes, his smoldering smile and the five o'clock shadow darkening his jawline.

Brian slipped off his sneakers, and I heard the sound of leather slapping as he pulled loose his belt. He yanked off his shirt and stripped off his jeans before standing still and asking in a deadpan voice, "Oh, I'm sorry. We're you busy?"

I shucked my shorts and said, "Busy getting busy with you."

His fingers curled along the hem of my tee, and he pulled it over my head.

My hair was still damp from my recent shower. He stepped to the edge of the bed, and I rose, putting a hand on his bare belly to still him.

"Stay right there."

His eyebrow raised, but his body froze. His cock stood out straight and hard. I gripped it in my hand and gave it a squeeze. I stroked him, rapidly increasing my pace. When his eyes finally drifted shut, I leaned in and brought my parted lips to his cockhead. His eyes opened again—fast—and I giggled.

I kissed the tip of him and then licked his shaft lazily, taking my time and making the moment last. I worked him with my hand and my mouth until he was thrusting forward, impatient with lust.

"Lay back," he said gruffly.

I obeyed, dropping onto the mattress and staring up at him. I admired his handsome face, his dark eyes, his buff bod and his hard long cock.

I knew what that cock was capable of. Those hands. That mouth.



I wanted them all—again.

I teasingly ran my toes up his leg. When I reached his cock, I gave it a playful tap with my big toe. It bobbed but rapidly returned to a rock-hard divining rod guiding him to pussy.

Moving in, he bumped my leg aside and slid between my parted thighs. His body was hot and hard, and I exhaled, appreciating the feel of him against me. His erect cock prodded my clit. He shoved his hands beneath my ass, grabbing me and angling me. His erection pressed against my wet slit, and I pushed up fast to meet him. His dickhead dipped into me and was quickly followed by the rest of his formidable shaft. His thick rod stretched and filled me.

I grabbed his ass, squeezing his muscular cheeks and tugging him tightly to me. My legs locked behind him as his hips pumped, working his cock in and out of me like a well-oiled piston. Every time he drove into me, his cock teased the tender recesses of my wet pussy. I intentionally tightened and release my muscles, massaging his shaft from the inside.

Brian groaned, but never stopped. His cock continued hammering me, and I surrendered to him totally. He flattened his muscular body against mine and started to fuck me with hard, short jabs that stole my breath.

Who needed air? The angle was perfect, and I could breathe later.

I pushed my hips up in little jerky motions, attempting to keep time with him. My toes curled; my breathing was ragged. I was so close to coming, and my pussy was drenched. Every thrust he made into me triggered a sloppy, slippery sound.

Our hungry bodies moved as one, and warmth unfurled inside me when my orgasm hit. I cried out, clutching his biceps. My pussy quivered around his cock, and he grunted. Every spasm brought me bliss. Every contraction delivered waves of pleasure.

The second I seemed to catch my breath, he pulled out of me and flipped me onto my belly. After hiking up my rear, so I was on my knees, he gripped my hips and slid his dick into my snatch from behind. One of his fingertips grazed my back hole, delivering just the

“He jerked himself furiously until come rained down on my back—wet, hot spurts of joy.”

slightest pressure without entering me. That turned me on, and I felt my body offer up another small orgasmic spasm.

But it was one he felt, too.

He swore softly, held me and fucked me hard and fast. Our bodies slapped together, and his hot breath feathered down on my back.

I pushed myself back to take him deep, with my forehead pressed to the soft bedding. My arms trembled from the effort of supporting myself.

“I’m going to come,” he said. His fingertips dug into my skin as he rode me.

“Yes,” I said. “Come for me.”

He moved faster and rougher. He grunted with every thrust, as if I’d reduced him to some animalistic state. Our coupling had taken his verbal skills and left desire in their place. He froze for a moment—not moving at all. I heard the clock ticking and my heart pounding beneath the sound of our

heavy breathing. Then he started to move again, as fast as ever. The pause had somehow heightened my pleasure, and I found myself coming again. It was a softer gentler orgasm—but wonderful, nonetheless.

Suddenly, he pulled out of me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw his hand on his cock. But it was a blur as he jerked himself furiously until come rained down on my back—wet, hot spurts of joy.

Our sweaty, sated bodies dropped onto the bed, and he let out a long breath before asking, “Come here often?”

I rolled over and smoothed back my flyaway hair.

“Nope, but I’m coming back in the fall for Donna’s wedding—and to watch the zoo, while she honeymoon in Cancun. Think you’ll be around?”

“I’ll make a point of it,” he said before sealing the deal with a scorching kiss. 





SEX ED

HANDS-ON LESSONS ARE BEST.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN WEINBERG













“NAT KNOWS I’M NAUGHTY!”

—DILLION



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SERENID

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PINNY



WAVING HELLO

The beach town was the default end-of-summer destination for folks in the city where I lived. As the last sultry days came on, people had mostly taken their “serious” vacations, if they could afford them at all. The beachside town was cheap and fun, and the last chance to get your summer on

I drove the 50 miles there alone, needing one final weekend of debauchery before I pretended to be a grown-up again. A lot of college kids had the same idea, and the quaint little burg was full of young lovelies.

I was only interested in the women and spent the afternoon on a restaurant’s outdoor patio, drinking beer and watching bikini-covered butts bounce up and down the sand.

Two years ago I’d vacationed

there with Sabrina. We’d spent the second half of that summer in a torrid relationship, doing everything together. I’d been stuck on her, but she had suddenly bailed out, citing issues that had nothing to do with me.

I let her go with all the gentlemanly poise I could muster. Two years later she was just a good, warm memory, without any of the sting. But something inside me refused to let her go completely.

Still, as I nursed my brew, I fingered the locket around my neck. She’d given it to me as a parting gift. It was engraved with my name and had her picture inside. Kind of a weird thing to give a guy, but I liked it nonetheless and wore it a lot. Especially when I couldn’t get her out of my head.

As evening came on, I returned to the motel, an inexpensive place with a pool and lots of folks looking for a

good time. I fell in with them, and we all splashed around in the water. Couples paired off, but I was tired from the drive and muzzy from the beer. I went to my room alone, feeling happy and loose.

But in the morning I realized in a panic that my locket was gone. I tossed the entire room as I looked for it. Then I searched around the pool. The locket was a treasured keepsake. I wasn’t madly in love with Sabrina’s memory or anything, but I was weirdly attached to it.

Nonetheless, memories of all the sweet sex we used to enjoy flashed through my brain. She’d been so hot, so fun and so adventurous.

Finally, I went to the motel’s desk and described my lost item, figuring it was hopeless. But, wonder of wonders, the guy there fished around in a box and then held it out to me. My locket!

With my heart racing, I thanked him

profusely. A path led out to the beach, and I followed it, my memento swinging from the chain clutched in my hand. Sabrina had told me the locket had been in her family for generations.

I stood by the lapping water and went to ceremoniously put it around my neck once more. But something made me hesitate. I peered closely at it. Same design. But there seemed a different pattern of wear to the metal.

Snapping it open, though, I found Sabrina's picture. But I also found—incredibly—a different name engraved there. This locket belonged to someone named Corrina.

I stood there stunned, the locket dangling from my hand and my mouth agape. I couldn't fathom what the hell was going on.

"Here's a weird question," said a voice behind me. "Did you know Sabrina?"

Like the moment wasn't surreal enough. Numbly, I turned around and saw an attractive woman standing there. A chain hung from her outstretched finger, and at its end swung something that looked suspiciously like...well...a locket. My locket.

"I take it you're Corrina," I said.

"Yep." She gazed intensely at my locket, like it was confirming something for her. "So, you're Emil."

I dimly recalled she'd been around the pool the previous night, but I didn't remember her pairing off with anyone.

"What's going on?" I asked.

Corrina explained she'd misplaced her own locket and went frantically looking for it this morning, finding it—she thought—by the pool. She was delighted to get it back.

But when she opened it up, she saw someone else's name. Baffled, she went to the front desk and found out another locket had been turned in, and that it had been claimed just a few minutes earlier.

"The guy pointed me after you."

I was still shocked. But I was also aware of how beautiful Corrina was. I asked, "How long were you two together?"

"Six weeks."

"Same here. Must be her MO. She tell you the locket was some kind of

beloved family heirloom?"

"Yeah." She shook her head, but not bitterly. "She must use the lockets to manufacture tidy breakups. Well, Emil. Ain't we a pair?"

We decided to spend the day hanging out, comparing notes and helping each other get over the shock, which eased dramatically the more time we spent together. When it was beer o'clock in the afternoon, we each had a brew. Then I asked, "You and Sabrina, huh? You only into women?"

"Hell no. Why limit myself?" She reached across the table and took my hand as she said, "I'm in the mood for revenge. How about you?"

Hand in hand, we hurried back to the motel. The heat of the day was on us, and the heat between us was just as

**“Lust-hungry
Corrina started
riding me. Her
movements were
forceful but
graceful.”**

fierce. It had been growing all day.

Once inside her room, we fell into each other's arms. She kissed without any preliminaries, pasting her mouth over mine and thrusting her tongue forcefully. I kissed her back just as furiously, and we quickly stripped each other.

She was gorgeous with erect nipples and a pussy gleaming with ready wetness. My cock stood like a steel bar, and we tumbled onto the bed.

Her skin was like satin. I wanted to touch and lick every inch of it. She reached around to shamelessly grope my ass, sinking her fingers into my flesh. I cupped her full, high tits. When I played with her nips, she said, "Pinch them!" I tweaked them repeatedly, and the harder I did it, the louder she

moaned and groaned.

Corrina put her hand between us and closed her fist over my cock. Immediately she started pumping it at a perfect rhythm. Her expertise dispelled any thought that she might be less experienced with guys.

Actually, in a strange way it turned me on some that we'd shared a lover. We had both screwed Sabrina, had gotten caught up in the sentimentality of the romance—and had been callously discarded in the end. That last part wasn't much of a turn-on, but it gave us a real solidarity.

I stroked Corrina's pussy with two fingers. She groaned happily. I delved inside, slipping in up to the first knuckles, then the second. I wriggled my fingers, and she ground her hips. Her clit pulsed like a beacon, and I caressed it.

Her hips were bucking wildly, and she held on to my cock like it was a safety line, while she gasped her way through what felt like a powerful climax.

Grinning, she said, "Well, that calls for a treat for you." She shifted around and settled into the cradle of my outspread legs. One of her hands held my balls, and I soon felt warm breath on my swollen cockhead.

Her tongue flickered over my rounded knob, and I shivered with pleasure. When she closed her lips around my cockhead, it was my turn to gasp. I watched, amazed and delighted, as she sucked me fearlessly all the way down.

Her head bobbed madly, her tongue flashing along my shaft the whole time. Her lips stayed sealed around my staff, and the suction was awesome.

I was about 90 seconds from shooting my load when I somehow found the will to ease her off me. Panting, she lay back and I moved in. Her soft thighs bracketed my shoulders, and I licked my way up and down her slick groove before finally probing inside her.

She tasted delicious. I ate her hard, going after her clitoris once more. This time the contact was so immediate, so intimate. I felt the nub throb, felt her fingers wind into my hair, felt her hips going wild.

With a cry, she poured her pussy



juice into my eager mouth. When I came up for air, she said, “You give head like a girl. That’s a compliment.”

I’d taken it as such. No doubt Sabrina had eaten her pussy, too. But Sabrina was feeling more and more unreal to me, like a misted memory turned distant dream. Corrina had eclipsed her and was rapidly blotting her almost entirely out of my past. I hoped I was doing the same thing for her.

“I need to get up on you!” Corrina insisted. I lay back and watched her deftly climb up on me, seizing my cock and lowering herself quickly onto my spike.

The wet grasp of her snatch sent a jolt through me. Pleasure crawled over every part of me. I’d vaguely hoped to get laid that weekend, but I’d never imagined something that delightfully intense.

Lust-hungry Corrina started riding

me. Her movements were forceful but graceful. I noted the easy flex of her knees, the hard plunges of her hips. She planted her palms on my chest and bucked up and down, wriggling a little from side to side as she moved.

I thrust up into her, spearing her to her core. I felt mainlined into her, wired to her very being. Even though we’d just met—and under the weirdest circumstances—I felt a bond with her. I wanted to bring her every iota of pleasure possible.

My wish was rewarded. Amazed, I watched yet another fierce climax take possession of her. It crackled over her flesh like some stellar energy. Her pussy tightened on my cock as her whole body went taut.

When she went limp, I eased her over onto her back, then I began sensuously stroking in and out of her.

It was a joy to observe her

excitement reawakening. She purred with renewed arousal. I fucked her harder, and the results were what I’d hoped. Soon she was writhing under me with her fingers digging into my shoulders.

The pleasure intensified, and I was soon going over the edge. I let out a cry and felt Corrina climactically quake with me as my spunk erupted. It was a fantastically powerful orgasm, and the afterglow was as warm as sunbaked sand.

We decided to spend the rest of the weekend together before heading back to the city, where we planned to see each other some more. Before we left the beach town, though, we took our lockets to the shore and tossed them in the water, laughing as they disappeared into the waves.

—E.L., via email

YOUNG AT HEART

Two years ago, I'd fallen into a rut, but I also experienced a much-needed shake-up—and I owed it all to one little fling. At the time, I was still married to my ex-wife, Jenna. We'd been together 22 years, having married right out of college. She came from money, and I didn't; we had very different goals and values. Initially, we were the definition of opposites attract, and sheer passion was enough to hold us together. But in due course, my wife developed more passion for health crazes and animal rescue charities than me, and we drifted apart but hadn't yet bothered to divorce.

Jenna's father owned one of the biggest yacht clubs in our town. Because he'd gotten older and dialed back his workdays, I'd taken over managing the pool area and organizing some of the events.

For the most part, the people hanging out at the pool were grandmas who'd just sun on the deck. But every now and then, we'd get some cuties home from college or some young lifeguards. As you'd expect, the lifeguards all dated each other and the girls visiting home all came to the pool with boyfriends. But the sight of those beautiful 20-something babes prancing around in bikinis definitely left an impression on my undersexed self.

I never wanted to come off as a creeper, though, so I mostly stayed in my air-conditioned office that overlooked the pool's deep end. I'd glance up from my computer and periodically lust after the scantily clad lovelies from afar—no harm, no foul. But one night after the pool had closed, I thought I was all alone as I prepared to lock up. But suddenly one of my far away fantasies appeared right before my eyes.

The same night, my wife had texted to say she was going away with girlfriends to some spa retreat for a week. With the pool closing down for the season in a couple of days, I was sort of dreading the inevitable lull as I figured out how to occupy my brain. My former company





had downsized the previous spring, so as I drifted between jobs and my wife's increasing absence, I was definitely standing at the proverbial crossroads.

My friends had suggested I was going through a midlife crisis. Despite my age, I am probably in better shape and better-looking now than I was in my 20s. Besides swimming, I also lift weights regularly. Thanks to those efforts, plus some decent genetics, I don't look like I'm in my late 40s. I still have a full head of dark hair and plenty of muscles.

Every now and then at the pool, I'd see one of the cute little spinners checking me out, but again, my sense of propriety kept me from doing anything besides offering a friendly smile.

But back to my story. My phone buzzed at 7 p.m. to alert me it was time to lock up the facility. I flipped off the office lights and intended to do one final sweep of the pool area before I went home, and that's when a moving streak of red

be enough—except it wasn't. I took a deep breath and exited my office, locking eyes with her as she swam to the ledge again.

To my surprise, she didn't flinch or seem shocked. Instead, she rested her arms on the concrete and said, "The water's really nice and warm."

"Uh, yeah. It sure looks good."

"Come join me?" she asked with a flirty smile.

"Oh—uh—I, uh..." I sputtered. No matter how I tried to play it cool, nothing had prepared me for a moment like this.

"Come on! I know for a fact no one else is here besides you and me."

"You do now?"

"Yeah." She paused. "I've been planning this all summer."

"Planning what?"

"Seducing you, Mr. B. I want to fuck you."

Still in shock, I didn't know what to say, other than: "Me?"

"You aren't wrong," I said. "I haven't had any fun myself in a very long time either. And you're pretty hard to resist."

Stephanie pressed her wet, naked curves against me and said, "Then let's have some fun. Pretty please?"

I was barely able to comprehend my insanely good luck.

Stephanie looked up at me, her lips beckoning me—and I dove right in.

As our kiss deepened, I caressed her young, firm tits, reveling in her soft curves.

This is what I've been missing, I thought.

We moved to one of the cushioned loungers where we could enjoy ourselves more. She reached for my dick, but I moved her hand away.

"I want to enjoy you first," I said.

"Whatever you want, Mr. B."

Hearing her say my name like that made me feel even more licentious—and it turned me on. I caressed her mound and darted my finger between her outer lips. A little gasp told me that I'd found her hidden pearl.

"Will you let me taste that pretty young pussy?" I asked as I stroked her clit with my forefinger.

Stephanie nodded.

With a few kisses to her inner thighs, I dove in tongue first, lavishing attention on her clit, while my fingers probed her eager entrance. She was tight, too, so I teased and teased until she was so slippery wet and open that her pussy practically swallowed my fingers.

She moaned and panted so sweetly, her ass wiggling as she floated on waves of pleasure.

Once I got into a rhythm of licking and finger-fucking, it didn't take long to make her come, and I felt a definite sense of satisfaction that I was able to get her off so quickly. I hadn't lost my touch.

After Stephanie climaxed, she said, "That was, like, wow! Not to sound slutty, but none of the boys I've dated at college have made me come like that. Guys my age just don't get it."

"You're making me feel old now," I told her. I was joking, but only a little.

Stephanie laughed and sat up as she said, "Well, I want to make you feel good too!"

She encouraged me to switch positions, eagerly unzipping me and

"Stephanie moaned increasingly louder as my dick hit all the right spots inside her."

caught my eye. From my office window, I spied a gorgeous girl in a red one-piece lifeguard's suit climb up to the diving board and splash gracefully into the deep end.

She soon surfaced with her dark hair slicked back from her beautiful face. She climbed out of the pool and glanced around, and then my heart nearly stopped as I watched her peel off her bathing suit.

From my vantage point, I was able to savor the sight of her delectable heart-shaped ass, and when she climbed the steps to the diving board again, I saw a flash of her pussy. She dove in once more, and this time when she surfaced, I got to see her full tits and dark bush.

I debated whether to make myself known. Just from watching her, I felt the dusty machinations of my arousal switching on and coming to life. Just imagining her body against mine could

"Look, I'm just gonna put this out there. You're a snack, and I have a thing for older guys." She continued, "My mom knows your wife. I know you two are kinda done, and she isn't around much. I figured it couldn't hurt to see if you're interested. No worries if you're not."

"I am!" I blurted out. "I mean... wow. You're," my voice trailed off.

"You're gorgeous."

"I'm Stephanie," she said, playfully correcting me as she climbed out of the water, standing fully nude and dripping wet.

"I remember your name from the lifeguard orientation." I chuckled nervously as I felt my erection straining against my pants. "I don't want us to get into any trouble."

"What trouble? Today's my last day at work. And I haven't had any fun at all since my boyfriend and I broke up in June—and I know you're not having any."

taking my entire shaft in her mouth. She bobbed up and down on my boner. My cock tapped the back of her throat each time she swallowed me to the hilt.

Her hands cupped my balls, and she tugged on them. Her touch was so perfect, so maddening, I had to make her stop before I shot off.

"You're too good at this," I told her, practically panting.

"Is that bad?"

"No, it's very good. But you're a very bad girl, and I mean that in the best possible way. And I need to fuck your pussy before I blow my load."

"Let's fuck then," she said in a voice so chipper I nearly laughed out loud.

I lay back, so she could climb on top of me. I wanted to see her perfect tits bounce while she impaled herself on my cock.

At first, she was adorably awkward trying to ride me without my dick falling out—which betrayed her inexperience—but she was too cute for it to be off-putting. However, once she found her

rhythm, I thought she'd never stop.

Stephanie fucked me like she couldn't get enough dick, and mine was the last she'd ever get to experience. She seemed insatiable, moaning and thrashing and telling me how good my cock felt inside her.

Talk about an ego boost!

I squeezed her hips and slowed her down, repositioning her in reverse cowgirl, which allowed my cock to put even more delightful pressure on her G-spot—and gave me the most incredible view of her fine fanny.

Stephanie moaned increasingly louder as my dick hit all the right spots inside her. I slapped her bottom and kept her cheeks firmly spread as I committed to memory the sight of her puckered asshole and her 20-something pussy lips stretching around my shaft while I drilled her cunt as deeply as possible.

I wanted to make the moment last, so we switched positions for a third time. I draped her shapely legs over my

shoulders and slowly impaled her over and over. She gasped as the intensity of the position registered. Stephanie moaned and begged me, "Please don't stop! I'm going to come again."

Naturally, I obliged. I plundered her pussy until her spasming muscles clenched my cock so hard that it was nearly impossible to continue.

As Stephanie's climax built and broke, her whole body shook—and my load shot out like a rocket, leaving my cream oozing out of her pussy.

We lay there for a bit afterward to catch our breath—and then with a wink and a smile, she was gone.

Even though I've never seen Stephanie again, our encounter encouraged me to move on with my life. I will always remember that poolside romp as my "resurrection fuck." Never underestimate the power of a good lay to wake you up and open the door to even more adventures.

—S.B., Miami, Fla.



THE SON ALSO RISES



When I dated a man more than twice my age, I thought it would be fun to befriend his son, who's only a year older than I am. Greg and I got along famously. Then one day my live-in love announced at the very last minute he would have to take an extended business trip. Knowing I'd prefer not to stay in our large home alone, he asked Greg to keep me company.

On our first night alone, Greg uncorked a bottle of wine from the cellar and suggested we take a dip in the hot tub. It seemed like the perfect way to unwind after a stressful week, and I gladly accepted the invitation. So we stripped down and jumped in.

As always, the conversation flowed swimmingly, and before long, the bottle of wine was empty.

"I'll go grab another," Greg said.

He moved to lift his body out of the hot tub, revealing his bare, sculpted backside. Something stirred inside me as a deep, insistent pulse of arousal picked up between my legs.

Before I knew what I was doing, I

reached out to touch him, skimming my hand over his dewy cheeks. My hand tingled as the hard curve of his muscle rippled against my fingers.

Greg looked over his shoulder, and his eyes connected with mine.

"I could also stay here," he murmured. "Enjoying the night air and good company."

He turned to face me, giving me an unimpeded view of his naked form. Greg's body was chiseled and smooth like a fine marble sculpture. Broad, imposing shoulders sloped downward, guiding my eyes toward well-defined pecs and a tapered waist.

A light smattering of hair appeared just below his belly button, urging my eyes to fall even lower. Greg was already sporting a semi-hard dick, and it thickened before my eyes, gradually rising as if to point at me and say, "I choose you."

The truth is I wanted him, too. I reached out again, skating my fingertips along his velvety shaft. His dick grew as hard as steel under my touch. I swear I felt it twitch beneath my fingers and tap against my palm as if silently begging for more attention from me.

I fisted my fingers around his girth

and slid them from base to tip, then I directed his flared cockhead to my lips. His silken skin felt warm, and a gentle, but persistent pulse pounded against my hand. It seemed almost as if a tiny flick of my tongue could send him over the edge. But deep down, I suspected he had the staying power of any other young stud his age.

My tongue darted out of my mouth and swiped over the tip of his dick. I did it again and swept up a tiny bead of pre-come. Its salty, sour flavor exploded on my tongue, sending my taste buds into a frenzy. I don't know what it is about a man's slick natural lubricant that drives me wild, but when I manage to coax it out, I feel like a powerful fucking goddess.

Thirsty for more, I pumped my fist feverishly over his length and swirled my tongue all around the head of his dick. I swallowed him down entirely, but I was so overeager his dickhead tapped against the back of my throat. Still, I forged onward even as my eyes teared. I didn't fucking care. It was all part of the experience of bringing a man to his knees with my mouth, lips and tongue.

I hummed with pleasure, allowing the vibrations to move from my mouth to his

dick, and Greg sucked in a sharp breath.

"Oh fuck, Sharon," he said through gritted teeth.

Greg rested his hands on the top of my head. He clutched my hair, pulling on it and making my scalp sting.

"Oh yes," he groaned. "Oh, you dirty whore."

Now Greg was really speaking my language. Dirty talk drives me wild. My mouth positively watered for him. I was on a mission to make him fall to pieces, and I wouldn't stop until I'd achieved my goal.

While my mouth was busy massaging every inch of Greg's shaft, my hand snuck between his thighs to play with his balls. His nuts were already tight, practically begging for a big release, and I wanted to be the one to give it to him.

Exploring Greg's body with my mouth and hands was a heady experience. Over and over again, I trailed my tongue along the thick ridge that bisects the underside of his rod. I hummed a little tune while I worked, firing up both of us, and I realized I was matching the rhythm of a song we listened to hours earlier.

My free hand rested on his rock-solid thigh. His muscles flexed beneath my touch—the first signs of the tension that would precede an explosive orgasm.

It was only a matter of time. An intoxicating feeling of intense satisfaction washed over me, bathing me in its radiant glow. He was so close to coming that I could taste it.

Greg's grasp on my hair grew even tighter. He held on to my locks like a cowboy would grip his horse's reins, using his leverage to guide us toward satisfaction. But before we galloped to the finish line, his hips slowed and his hold on my hair relaxed. I kept sucking, but he stopped me and said, "That's enough. There's more I want to do with you tonight."

I eased his rigid rod from my mouth and confessed, "I'm all yours."

He took hold of my hand and pulled me up so we both stood in the hot tub. Moonlight reflected off of the rivulets of water dripping down my body, making the moisture sparkle like diamonds under its cool, blue glow.

"I want all of you," he confessed. "I want to fuck you so hard you'll still be walking funny when my father comes home."

He placed his hands on either side of

my torso. His fingers nearly spanned the full width of my trim waist. It felt so good to be in his large, capable hands.

Greg spun me, stopping me when I faced away from him and could see nothing but the dark night sky and the quiet woods behind the house. His hand slid up my back and pushed me down, bending me over the edge of the tub.

He bent to whisper in my ear, "Until my dad comes back, you're all mine."

Then his unsheathed dick pressed against my pussy hole before sliding inside me in one smooth motion.

"Oh yes," I groaned.

My body offered Greg the warmest welcome. All it took was a few quick thrusts to make my walls ripple and twitch around his shaft.

"That's right," he muttered. "Take it all, you dirty slut."

Something about Greg's gravelly voice really fanned the flames of my desire. I wanted to hear him narrate every last sordid detail of our hookup.

I arched my back and rocked my hips, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"Tell me you like it," I demanded. "Tell me you love my cunt."

The moment the words left my mouth, my pussy clenched around Greg's dick, gripping him tighter than I'd ever held any man before.

"Oh fuck," he moaned. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

"Say it, Greg," I goaded him. "Tell me you love my warm, wet cunt."

"I love it," he said breathlessly. "I fucking love your warm, wet cunt."

Greg slapped my ass cheek, his hand landing on my bottom with a loud crack.

I never thought I was one for spanking, but I was surprised to find I liked it very much. The tiny sting of pain was nothing in comparison to the intense pleasure that followed. My pussy pulsed around his dick, milking every last ounce of satisfaction out of him.

"That's right. You love it, you naughty bitch," he hissed hotly.

A loud sucking sound caught my attention. Next, I felt the spit-slickened pad of his thumb pressing against my rear entrance, and I knew I was in for a good time. Ass play has always been a favorite pastime of mine. It seemed Greg knew just how to get my motor running.

He circled the puckered hole, his

thumb spreading his saliva over it. Even before he entered me, I was practically panting. Then he sank his thumb inside my backdoor and I really lost my fucking mind.

Greg stroked the fingers of his free hand down the center of my back, sending a shiver up my spine.

I love a man who knows how to fuck, I thought to myself.

While Greg's thumb was still firmly planted inside my asshole, his other fingers rested atop the curve of my cheeks. He tightened his hold, treating my ass like a handle that allowed him to direct my body in the most satisfying way.

It turned me on letting my almost-stepson use me that way. I was his to fuck however he pleased, and that was an impossibly dirty thought that drove me wild. I don't know what had gotten into me that night, but our sizzling encounter was one I'd never forget.

Greg continued to screw me and had me so hot I thought I might melt. There was no doubt that I was close to coming. Every movement in my pussy seemed to reverberate in my ass, which spasmed repeatedly around his invading thumb.

I rocked back against him, but he fucked me hard and fast, striking a tempo so quick that I couldn't keep up with him. Instead, I tilted my head back and surrendered completely, trusting that he would drive us both to the brink in no time.

Within seconds, an orgasm claimed me, dragging me down beneath a tsunami of pleasure.

Greg wasn't far behind. He broadcasted his pleasure, groaning so loud his voice seemed to echo through the treetops. As his climax rocked him, he pulled out and squirted spurt after spurt of come all over my back. When he finished, he eased his thumb from my asshole, sank into the warm water and pulled me onto his lap, where we stayed until we were both ready for round two.

—S.C., Malibu, Calif.

The encounter you've always dreamed about could happen anytime. When it does, jump on it! And after you've jumped, tell us about it! Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department S, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



BOOBY TIME

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PARTY IN THE BACK

When Adam called me, it was late. Really late. I'd been watching some shitty horror movie, but I was contemplating switching off the TV and going to bed when my phone rang. Knowing he was at a bachelor party, I immediately worried something had happened.

"What's wrong?"

I answer the phone that way often—much to my chagrin and Adam's amusement.

"Nothing's wrong, baby," he said. His

voice was hushed, and I heard distant chaos in the background.

"Then what's up?"

"Thinking about you."

His voice had that tone. The one that sent a pang of arousal straight to my pussy.

"Oh yeah?" Instinctively, I put my hand between my legs, running the edge of it along the crease of my cunt, and my clit thumped appreciatively.

All it took was his confession and that tone in his voice.

"Yeah, we've been watching some... educational films."

I laughed out loud, picturing them

all partying and drinking, while porn streamed on a big-ass TV or maybe even a white sheet hung on the wall.

"Sounds fun," I told him.

"And one of them... Well, it got me thinking about you."

A shiver trailed down my spine. I sensed where the conversation was going.

"Are you drunk?" I asked.

"Not even buzzed," he said.

"Then go on."

"This guy was screwing around with a girl. She kind of looked like you, actually."

"And?" I asked, coaxing him along.

"He pushed one finger into her butt. Then two. And then he was full-on fucking her ass, baby, and it made me think of doing that to you."

Pressing the edge of my hand against my pounding clit, I said with faux innocence, "It has?"

"When I come home—"

"I'll be waiting," I said, with promise in my voice. "But not if you're too late."

"I'm leaving soon," he assured me. I could hear the excitement in his voice. The undeniable arousal.

"You do that," I told him before he ended the call.

I sat on the sofa with the horror movie running in the background, but I wasn't hearing it or seeing it. Instead, I was thinking of him and me. Fucking. Him fucking my pussy and making me come, then shoving his thick, hard cock into my ass to trigger yet another climax.

Butt-fucking always delivered entirely different orgasms for me.

I pushed two fingers into my pussy, let my head tilt back and worked my cunt. I savored the wet slide of my digits. My insides felt plump and ready. I used my fingers deftly, knowing just where to press and where to slide—and when to back off.

I came with a soft exhalation and then looked at the clock, knowing he couldn't come home soon enough.

That orgasm took the edge off and—just barely—held me until he got home about a half hour later. His face was flushed, and a lock of his dark hair fell across his forehead. He licked his lips when he saw me.

"You need to make me come first," I told him.

"I know."

He moved toward me, and I took a playful step back.

"And make me come hard," I said. "And probably more than once."

He nodded eagerly, still advancing. I hit the ledge that bordered the stairs leading to the second floor and stopped in my tracks—but he didn't.

Adam gripped the back of my head, leaned in and kissed me. His tongue was wet and warm and tasted like beer.

His hands slid beneath my shirt. His touch tickled, making me jump.

He immediately shoved down my

pants, making them pool around my ankles. I kicked them off and away. Then he pushed a finger into my sopping pussy.

He dropped to his knees and started to lick my cunt. He lapped at my slit softly. His tongue made eager whirls, and I was so turned on I felt like I was going to come at any second. Adam curled his finger inside my pussy as he licked me. I grabbed a handful of his hair and humped his face.

He slid two more fingers inside me,

**"He was breathing
hard behind me,
thrusting deep
into my ass as my
cunt grew tighter."**

and I groaned. Then I put both of my hands on his head and twined my fingers in his hair as I rocked my hips toward his mouth. My juices coated his hand and the tops of my thighs. His tongue darted around my slit, appearing as a pink flash as he ate me eagerly. I watched avidly, loving the visual of his mouth on my pussy.

Before long, I came.

Pulling away and looking up at me, Adam grinned. I held out my hand as I said, "Come upstairs. Nail my pussy first. Real quick like. Then I'll be ready for you to fuck my ass."

He groaned and let me lead him up the steps. I felt his breath on my bare back as he hurried close behind me.

I dropped onto our bed, landing so hard I bounced. I peeled off my shirt and dropped it over the edge of the mattress and onto the floor. I played with my nipples and gave them a pinch while he got undressed because I knew seeing me do that turned him

on. I spread my legs, showing him my wet pussy.

He groaned once more and draped himself over me. His hand slid beneath my ass and lifted me a just a hair. He drove his cock into me, and I sighed.

"I'm so wet and so ready," I told him.

I raised my knees and held them, spreading myself wide as he plowed me. His sweet mouth was on my neck, his breath was in my ear, and his hips were moving fast as he fucked me wildly.

My whole body shook, my pussy flickering and gripping as I was rocked by another orgasm. I looked up at him and said, "Now turn me over and fuck my ass."

He kissed me eagerly and flipped me, positioning me on my hands and knees with my ass high and my head down.

I heard him rummaging in my nightstand and then the lube bottle being opened and squeezed. Next, I felt the cold kiss of the slick gel against my back hole—a few seconds before his finger slipped into me.

I was so hot and so horny, and I moaned with pleasure. I reached up and fingered my clit. And when he pushed a second finger into my ass, I slapped my hand against my pussy. I was so turned on, and my ass was so accommodating, things were moving quickly.

He bent and kissed my lower back, and somehow that sweet gesture made me want his cock in my ass all the more.

"Do it," I said. "Put it in me."

I heard him exhale softly. It was a startled, turned-on sound. He got behind me, taking the head of his cock and running it around my ass in teasing circles. He'd get to my rear hole and push forward slightly before pulling away and resuming his sweeping tour of my whole rear.

Finally, he positioned himself at my asshole and paused. I pushed back, forcing his cockhead to slip in, and we both froze. His hands clutched my waist tightly, then one slid to my rear, petting and stroking my ass cheek. He slid into me another inch, and then another; we stilled. My asshole was stretching, my fingers were stroking, and my pussy was thumping.



My heart banged wildly as we played our stop-and-start game. Craving more, I pushed back toward him. I figured he was about halfway in. Usually, that was his breaking point.

He'd look down at his cock breaching me, seeing his rod penetrating me, and lose his composure—and that's when he'd start fucking me in earnest.

That night was no different; my husband did not disappoint. He held my hips tightly and shoved his cock into my backdoor. Reaching between my legs, I jammed a finger inside my cunt and felt his cock gliding into me through that thin barrier of flesh within me. I added a second finger and started to fuck myself furiously.

The hornier I got, the easier his work became, and then he was all the way in.

I continued finger-fucking myself—and indirectly stroking him.

"I can feel that," he marveled. "That's amazing."

I grinned and kept my head down, causing my hair to hang in my face. I didn't stop frantically pistoning my

digits in and out of my drenched pussy.

"You want me to come?" I asked, glancing at him over my shoulder.

"Yes," he said breathlessly.

"Then fuck me harder, baby," I commanded.

I deliberately dragged my fingers along his veiled cock as he drove in and out of me.

I was so close to coming. I lost my patience, pulled my fingers free and stroked my button. All the while, he was breathing hard behind me, thrusting deep into my ass as my cunt grew tighter and tighter. I clenched my pussy as I continued to pet my clit, pushing myself over the edge. I hung my head and let the orgasm sweep over me.

Adam smoothed his hands up and down my hips. He stroked my ass cheeks and the backs of my thighs. His rhythm had slowed, and he was savoring the moment.

I pushed back to take him, clasp my hands in front of my face as I hung my head. The visual cue let him know that I was ready and he could fuck me as fast or as slow as he wanted.

He hummed appreciatively, and one hand drifted up to stroke my back and tickle me with his fingers as he drove his hard rod in and out of my ass.

"I love this," he murmured as he fucked me. "How you feel, how tight you are. How you feel under me."

I groaned and pushed back softly to take him and urge him on.

Adam went slowly until he couldn't hold back anymore. I heard his sharp intake of air and felt his body tense. He righted himself, held me by the waist and pistoned in and out of my ass in a frenzy.

"Come in me," I said, urging him on. "Fuck me. Come in my ass. Come on, baby. Give it to me."

He gave it to me. A night of drinking with the boys, watching porn and wanting ass erupted into me. I felt the hot rush of his come as his taut body pressed against mine.

I collapsed onto the mattress, thinking I should encourage him to go out with the boys more often.

-T.W., Concord, N.H.





FINAL PORTAL

My knuckles were white on the controller. I'd just paused the video game I was playing with my buddy Silas, who was suddenly frowning at me. We'd been fighting our way through a castle all afternoon, battling computer-generated monsters, and were almost to the last threshold, the game's ultimate level.

"What is it?" Silas asked.

I let out a tight breath and said, "I want to ask your advice."

"You need to work your sword and shield together, man, I keep telling you that."

"Not game advice." I set down my controller. I'd been attempting to work up my nerve for hours. But I finally found myself blurting out, "I want to have anal sex with Sheila!"

He grinned and tossed aside his own controller. Silas was always happy to provide his carnal wisdom. He was

ferociously adventurous and given to many sexual escapades. If there was a sex act I hadn't experienced, I could rest assured Silas had been there, done that. At least twice.

"You and Sheila have been dating around three weeks, and you haven't fucked her ass?" He sounded genuinely surprised. "Did she tell you no? If she did, bro, you've got to respect that."

"I know that!" I snapped. "I haven't asked yet."

Silas steepled his fingers, like a

psychiatrist dealing with a troubled patient, and countered, "Why do you want to do it?"

"Because, well, I've never done that with any woman."

"You're serious? You've never had ass sex with anybody?"

"I just said that."

"You said with a *woman*." Again, he grinned. "Let me tell you, an ass is an ass. If you wanted, we could."

I knew he was mostly kidding, but I also knew if I asked, he'd gleefully let me fuck him. But I was "hopelessly straight," as he put it, and turned him down.

"Fine. Rain check," he said with a shrug. "What do you want to know? Technique? How to approach your girlfriend with the idea?"

I wanted it all, and said so. I confessed to obsessing some over the act. I craved setting my swollen cockhead to that cryptic backdoor entry, sliding slowly inside and feeling the exotic angle. I had wanted to sink my lubed cock into a chick's asshole for some time. But to date, the women I'd propositioned had all, every one, put the immediate kibosh on that desire.

Silas just didn't understand sexual inhibitions, though he, of course, respected them in others. Somehow, he'd always attracted people who were just as spirited and free as he was. In college, he'd bragged to me shamelessly about his sexploits, which hadn't seemed to slow as he'd aged.

Anyhow, he talked me through the steps. Mostly it was common sense: Be sensitive to your partner, stay aware of even the least discomfort, go slowly, etc.

As for how to ask her, he said, "Look, you've got the right motivation, wanting to be intimate with her. Tell her that. Now, can we finish this game? I want to get to the final portal."

That night I saw Sheila. We had a nice dinner out, then went back to her place. Sex was definitely on the dessert menu. She gave me that gleaming look, and my heart raced as my cock swelled. Sheila is smoking hot, and the sex we'd been having was so terrific I was almost tempted to say nothing about anal, in case it spoiled things between us.

But Silas' instructions and pep talk were still bouncing around in my head.

As we headed to her bedroom, though, she seemed a bit preoccupied. Instead of immediately undressing, she sat on the edge of the mattress and tugged me down next to her. She squeezed my hand and said, "I want to ask you something."

"Anything."

She paused, and I briefly had the awful idea she was about to break up with me. Then she said in a bashful voice, "Have you ever considered anal sex?"

My jaw dropped, and I said hoarsely, "God, yes, Sheila. All the time."

sensuously. She reached between us and clutched my shaft, squeezing it and giving it a few pumps. I stroked her pussy lips, even though we both knew I'd be seeking another entrance to her lovely body that night.

Finally, it felt like the right time. With an expectant but nervous look on her pretty face, she reached over to her bedside table. She took a tube of lube out of a drawer and handed it to me.

"Remember, it's my first time," she said.

I was beyond excited to be deflowering her, but I promised, "I'll be

"I pushed my tongue as deeply as possible, spearing her deliciously snug backdoor."

"Really? Have you noticed how often I get on my hands and knees for you? I've been waiting, hoping, you'd make a move."

She turned away, but I gently tilted her face back toward me. My heart was soaring. I laid my lips softly on hers, and then confessed, "I've wanted to do it so badly."

She threw her arms around me, and we held each other tight for a moment. Then she stood, shedding her clothes.

"Fair warning," she said. "I haven't done it before."

That wasn't a problem for me. I hurriedly got out of my clothes. There was a quivering in my belly, and my hard cock was twitching. She lay back on the bed, and I joined her. Once again, we were in each other's arms. We started to kiss, and our passion swiftly built. Her skin was so smooth, so enticing. I touched her heaving breasts, and she groped my ass, making me press my cock against her.

Pleasure was already sparkling through me, as it was for her—if I was properly interpreting the growing glint in her eyes. Our tongues tangled

gently." Then I admitted, "It's my first time, too."

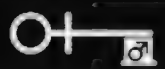
My confession brought a sweet light to her eyes. And I knew it was, indeed, a very special night for both of us.

She got up on her hands and knees, facing toward the head of the bed. I thought of all the times I'd done her in that position, thinking she just really liked doggy-style. All the while, she'd been secretly waiting for me to penetrate her rear!

I gazed down on the glory of her ass. It was beautiful, like a sculpture. The gorgeous swells, the elegant curves. Those two lush, dimpled halves, separated by an alluring valley. And nestled there, the luscious ring—the portal I'd longed for.

"Can I lick you there?" I heard the words as though they were spoken by a stranger. Some powerful instinct had awoken within me, and I was overcome by the urge, the vast desire, to tongue her bunghole.

But I was also terrified that by voicing my sudden desire, I'd just ruined everything and inadvertently wiped out my chance to finally screw a woman's ass.



Sheila turned to look at me over her shoulder. A devilish delight danced in her pretty eyes as she said, "You're going to make all my dreams come true, aren't you? Yes! Lick me! Tongue-fuck my asshole!"

Her obscenities only added to my excitement. I put my palms on the luscious hemispheres of her ass and gently spread them. She thrust her butt high in the air, to give me all the access I could want.

There was a term for this, I knew. Rimming. Rimjob. But as I put my mouth over her hole, all I could think was that my kinky secret fantasy was about to come true.

My tongue made contact. Sheila jumped, and so did I, with a quivery joy that made my cock dribble pre-come. I felt the crinkly texture of her crimped opening underneath my tongue tip. I swirled it in a circle, and Sheila moaned with raw pleasure.

I lapped sloppily at her pliant flesh. When her hole was slick with my spit, I dared to press forward with the stiffened tip of my tongue. Gradually, I coaxed her ring open slightly and ventured inside it.

"Oh!" she moaned. "Your tongue feels

so good on my asshole! Lick me! Lick me hard!"

I could only penetrate so far, but every wriggle of my tongue brought a fresh grunt or growl from her. Her legs were shaking, and her body wriggled. I pushed my tongue as deeply as possible, spearing her deliciously snug backdoor.

"It's making me—making me—" she stammered, and then I felt her come hard, all from having her asshole licked. It felt miraculous, something so unexpected and wonderful.

Panting, I fell back, but I quickly recovered. I squirted out some lube and slickened up my cock. The moment had finally arrived. I set my cockhead to her spit-shiny ring. I rested it there, applying just the softest pressure and letting her truly get used to the idea of what was going to happen.

When I pushed a little way inside, she groaned. I watched for any signs of discomfort. There were none, so I eased in another centimeter. I was prepared to go into her incrementally.

But when I was maybe two inches inside, feeling the awesome grasp of her, she moaned loudly and rocked back hard. In an instant, I was all the way in

with my cock buried to the hilt. I gaped at the beautiful sight.

"Now, fuck my ass!" she demanded.

I grabbed her around the waist, set my knees and stroked in and out of her. The first few motions were tentative, but she wanted it harder and faster—and wasn't shy about asking for it.

I slammed my cock deep into her, and she took all of me. Our coupling was primal and amazing. It was like an animalistic excitement had gripped me in its fierce jaws. In no time, she went into another orgasmic fit, and I couldn't hold off my own climax. Hot come spewed out of my dick and into her rear end. It was blissful and intense.

She fell to the mattress, and I collapsed with her. We lay together, still joined, cock to ass. I'd reached the ultimate level.

—D.L., Austin, Texas

If getting there is half the fun, isn't it twice as nice when you enter the backdoor? If you have a rear encounter to share, write to us! Mail your story to *Penthouse Letters*, Department BT, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.







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THE NEXT STEP

When I got home one afternoon, I found Theresa sprawled out on the couch, smiling sweetly at me. What made me do a double take was the fact that my girlfriend had her shoes off—and socks, as well. Both of the latter were folded neatly and thrust into her flats. It certainly wasn't the first time I'd seen Theresa barefoot. I'd caught glimpses of her feet in the shower, and in the bedroom, of course, and she owned several pairs of open-toed shoes. But as you've probably guessed by now, it wasn't exactly a regular occurrence.

I guess I'd better explain.

Theresa and I have been together for three years. In just about every way we're compatible. We both love books, cooking and silly movies—and both of us have a thing about feet. That is, I'm turned on by them, and Theresa thinks they're disgusting. She isn't overly neurotic about it, but she usually doesn't like anyone seeing her without shoes. But she has really nice feet. Even if you didn't have a fetish, as I do, you'd say there were pretty sexy—as sexy as Theresa herself.

She's tall, blonde and poised, with the kind of classy good looks that always remind me of movie stars from the '40s. Her feet are slim and highly arched, her perpetual tan giving them a tawny color that contrasts so well with the maroon nail polish she favors. Her toes are evenly sized, except for the second toe of each foot, which extend well above the others.

Sometimes I would briefly rub her feet, and she seemed to like it. But she never actually asked for it, so I was always a bit careful about doing it. I never asked to kiss them or put my lips around those tasty toes. In every other way, our sex life was close to perfect, so I was content with my occasional glimpses of Theresa's tootsies as a kind of seasoning to an already delicious dish.

I sat down beside her, and after a brief hesitation, she slid both of her feet into my lap. I have to admit I was thrilled. Having those gorgeous feet before me was like being granted a passport to paradise. But I wanted to make sure Theresa was

comfortable before I moved ahead. I laid my hands on them and asked, "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

She squirmed a little, as if from embarrassment or a pleasure just deep enough to be hard to bear.

"I was reading something," she said, "and I guess I got kind of curious."

It took some coaxing, but she finally showed me what she had been reading. It was an article in a popular women's magazine, and the title was something like "Does Your Man Love Your Feet?" It was about the care and feeding of foot fetishists, basically. I buzzed through it. The article was nice enough, with lots of lip-smacking details on how good a massage or a home pedicure could feel when performed by a devout footman. It also went into a fair amount of detail on

“When her orgasm hit, she sat up with a shout, then fell back onto the cushions.”

how orgasmic a foot-love session could be. Theresa had obviously been more than a little excited by that.

"I thought feet were disgusting," I teased. I was perhaps taking a risk there. This about-face on Theresa's part was certainly nothing I wanted to discourage, but I couldn't quite help myself.

"Can't a girl change her mind?" she pouted, pressing a foot against the rather noticeable bulge in my trousers. "You know, all this time I've watched you worshipping my feet from afar, I've always sort of wondered what it would be like to give in to your cravings. Reading that article finally convinced me to give you a shot."

With that, she leaned back on the cushions, pressing her toes against my

leg. What a thrill that was!

"So what are you waiting for?" she asked, dropping me a sultry wink.

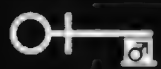
I didn't need any more encouragement than that. Excusing myself for a moment, I slipped into the bathroom and retrieved a bottle of baby oil from the medicine cabinet. We'd bought it to use for backrubs, but I had other plans for it now. I paused to soak a washcloth in warm water, then grabbed a few towels, and soon I was back with Theresa's tootsies in my lap. I anointed them with a generous handful of oil and got to work rubbing.

Excited as she obviously was, it still took Theresa a moment or two to really relax. Her feet were a little ticklish, and I had to work around that. I also noticed her keeping an eye on me, obviously worried that at any minute I would come to my senses and get grossed out by the experience of touching her feet. Well, that didn't happen, obviously, and soon enough she began to get into the steady sensations of my hands enveloping her feet, letting them slide rhythmically between my oil-slickened fingers.

As I've said, our sex life in general is good—enviably good—and Theresa herself is a very sensual woman. She responded to my foot massage with the same deep pleasure she would to having her shoulders rubbed or her breasts caressed. I watched her eyelids flutter shut and her lips part slightly as she sighed with enjoyment.

"Oh my God," she whispered. "Oh my God."

I tugged at her long second toes, firmly enough to make the joints crack, and rubbed spirals on the balls of her feet with both my thumbs. Once I had Theresa so relaxed as to seem almost like a boneless mass of sighing, whispering pleasure, I made a second quick supply run—this time to our bedroom. Our dresser contained a small box of powdered sweetness called honey dust that came with a fluffy, feathery applicator. It was actually a birthday present to me from Theresa, but we hadn't gotten around to using it very often. But that was something I planned to remedy that night. It was the perfect opportunity.



Back at the couch, I found Theresa ready for more fun. That was putting it mildly, actually. As I sat down, she caught me around the waist with her long legs.

"Where were you?" she asked teasingly. "I was starting to think you'd run out on me."

"Never," I assured her, watching her eyes widen and her mouth form an "O" of astonishment as she saw the fluffy applicator.

"Oh, are you going to use that on my feet?"

"I sure am. Right after I get that oil off."

I proceeded to do exactly that, using the damp washcloth from my first trip, and one of the spare towels to dry off her feet afterward. She squirmed and gasped as I coated her feet with the honey dust. Her toes wriggled helplessly as I ran the feathered applicator over and between them.

"Won't it...won't it be gross?" Theresa whimpered. She was still hanging on to some of her old anxiety about her feet. I knew I had to put that to rest before we progressed to the evening's main course. So instead of answering her, I luxuriously licked and sucked on her feet. God, it was amazing. The sweetness of the honey dust combined with the silky softness of her feet was unbelievable. And my tongue soon had Theresa all but weeping for mercy, twisting about on the couch as though the pleasure was just short of unbearable. The sounds coming out of her mouth were a mixture of pre-orgasmic cries, ticklish giggles,

pleas for mercy and pleas for me not to stop under any circumstances. She had pulled her blouse open and was fingering her rosy nipples, using the sensation to complement the exquisite pleasure I was delivering to her toes.

And now, I judged, we were finally ready for the main course. I dusted her feet some more and went to work on her soles with both my tongue and the very edges of my teeth. I allowed myself to be a little rougher, biting as well as kissing, thrilling Theresa with little twinges of almost-pain along with the almost-tickles. And I was doing it with a definite rhythm, carrying her toward the ultimate pleasure.

Theresa was continuing to play with her tits and used her free hand to unzip her slacks and press the edge of her palm against her increasingly hungry pussy. I felt her growing steadily more excited as she pressed her soles against my mouth.

"Do it to me," she gasped. "Oh God, do it. Suck my feet!"

By that point, I had isolated a couple of especially tender spots on her feet, zeroing in on them and driving her crazy with licks and nibbles. Soon, I knew, she was going to reach her climax.

When her orgasm hit, she sat up with a sudden shout, then fell back onto the cushions, her damp feet tumbling back into my lap.

"Oh hell," she said, half laughing. "What did you do to me?"

Before I could answer, I felt her feet returning to my crotch, pressing against my rigid tool with the same rhythm I'd

used on her. She caught my knob through the material of my trousers, squeezing it between her big and second toes. She struggled a little trying to get my zipper down with her tootsies, and soon she gave up in favor of her fingers. I'm surprised she didn't just tear my zipper right off!

I was glad she opened my pants because my dick was so hard it hurt and my briefs were soaked with pre-come. The feeling of her fingers on my rod was heavenly, but when she pressed it between both her feet, it was nothing short of incredible. Soon she began jacking me off in earnest. There was just enough slickness from the oil lingering on her beautiful soles to make it a delicious journey. I shut my eyes and let myself lean back on the couch, enjoying every moment of it.

"You're not the only one who knows tricks with feet," she told me, panting steadily as she worked my dick, the queen of all foot jobs. "My magazine went into a lot of detail on how to please your fetish guy. You'll see, I've been taking notes."

"You don't think your feet are gross anymore, I take it?" I managed to utter, as my balls started tightening up. I hadn't dropped a load in a good long time. I was looking forward to shooting this one.

"I think you fixed that, for good," Theresa said with a wicked smile. "Now shut up and come on my toes, foot boy. I want to see a big squirt from you."

And just a few minutes later, I delivered.

-R.P., Fort Lauderdale, Fla.





BOUND FOR GLORY

Last year, my wife finished up her master's program and was recruited for a job slated to start that September. That was obviously great news, but it also left her with an entire summer to kill. We took a long-deferred vacation, but that still left her most of two months to fill, and Marina just isn't the type to sit still. So she decided to put in some volunteer time at our local library. That's what led to our sex life taking a most unusual and delicious turn.

In some ways, it was kind of funny to see her there, manning the circulation desk and reshelving books. Marina looks like everyone's idea of a sexy librarian—tall and leggy with a very conservative, scholarly look and wire-rimmed glasses. She favors plaid skirts, black tights and turtlenecks that accent her lean body. She tends to wear her long black hair in a bun or ponytail.

One day, I decided to take the afternoon off and headed from my office to the library to see how Marina was doing.

The place was all but empty so early in the day, and Marina had shelving duty. She was bending over the cart and handling the books with enormous care. When she saw me, she peered at me over her spectacles and gave me an impish smile.

"Hello, sir," she purred, her green eyes sparkling. "Can I help you?"

"Well, I might be in the market for a little something to read," I said casually, running a hand along a shelf.

"Something a little spicy, perhaps?" Marina asked, giving her cherry-red lips the subtlest little lick.

I should have mentioned, perhaps, that Marina not only looks like a sexy librarian; it's a role she takes great pleasure in playing.

At that point, the library's doors opened and several college-aged girls trooped inside, giggling and chattering to each other. A gray-haired woman at the front desk silenced them with a sharp look and a harsh "Shh!"

"We'd better watch it ourselves," Marina said, smiling ruefully. "That's Joyce, the

head librarian. She's kind of a hard-ass."

"Is that so?" I murmured, sensing an opportunity for mischief. As Marina went back to her shelving, I slipped behind her. As I passed her, I pressed a finger into her side. My attractive wife is very ticklish. She nearly jumped out of her loafers and let loose with a hoarse gasp that was not quite a giggle.

Joyce definitely heard her. She didn't shush her, but she glared at us.

"Stop it," Marina whispered. She was frowning, but her eyes were twinkling. My finger was already taking aim for a second helping of ribs. "Don't you dare," she breathed, lifting her hands in mock terror. But I couldn't stop myself. I delivered another poke, and what came out of Marina was very definitely a giggle.

This time we did get a shush out of Joyce and a stern suggestion that perhaps Marina would like to take off the rest of the day. From a boss, it might have stung, but as a volunteer, Marina had no trouble at all with skipping work and heading out to spend an afternoon with her husband.



We ran out hand in hand, giggling like two teenagers.

But the encounter had given me an idea, one that would involve considerably more giggling. I sketched out what I had in mind to Marina, who blushed and clapped her hands to her mouth to hide a fresh peal of laughter.

"Oh my God, you wouldn't dare!" she said with a laugh. "Would you?"

You see, I happened to know that one of Marina's fantasies involved needing to keep quiet when, for whatever reason, her reflexes were forcing her to make noise. When she'd first told me about this fantasy, it took the form of her having to stifle orgasmic cries while being righteously fucked in a friend's house. My most recent idea was a little more devious.

"What do you think?"

"It's been a while since we've played," she mused.

She was right about that. Bondage used to figure very prominently in our love life, but Marina's coursework had forced our kinky dates to the margins.

"Oh, what the hell! But you have to be gentle with me," she added, giving me a smile that indicated very clearly she wanted the exact opposite.

As soon as we got back up to our apartment, Marina and I stripped. Then she removed her makeup and released her hair so that it fell about her shoulders in a glorious black mane. Then we showered together, kissing and biting one another's lips and running our hands over our soap-slickened bodies, reveling in the steaming hot water sluicing over ourselves. Once we'd finished and towed off, Marina positioned herself on our king-size bed, while I gathered a few tools, which included padded wrist and ankle cuffs, along with some rope. Before I got busy tying her down, I took a moment to enjoy the sight of her long, lovely body. Her cheeks were flushed, and her nipples had gone rock-hard, like two chunks of pink coral. I took pleasure in the sight of her bare feet, highly arched with long, tapering toes—all ten of which were already tightly curled. I couldn't wait to get my hands on them!

"Oh my God," she whispered, already giggling in anticipation of the delicious torment to come. "You're going to drive me crazy, aren't you?"

"Absolutely," I promised, taking a

moment to further stiffen her nips with matching kisses. She groaned with pleasure as my tongue moistened those luscious fleshy pegs. With that, I turned my attention to rendering my lovely wife helpless.

Once I had Marina spread-eagle on the bed, I explained the scenario I had in mind. She was a prisoner in a dungeon, helplessly awaiting various fiendish torments. I was to play the role of a roguish, sadistic adventurer who had found his way into the dungeon, only to be seduced by the sight of her naked loveliness. The requisite threat was supplied by the unseen dungeon keeper, who we pretended was making his rounds nearby. If she could only remain quiet, her growing excitement would be quenched by my cock. If, on the other hand, she attracted his attention—with a shriek of ticklish laughter, let's say—the penalty would be unending tickle-torture.

"So, my lovely," I whispered, sliding onto the bed next to her. "So how shall we begin our little adventure?" My eyes roamed immediately to her flat belly, which was already flinching under my gaze. "Perhaps that pretty navel?"

"Oh, don't, sir," Marina gasped, slipping into a British accent tinged with a dread that wasn't completely affected. "Please don't touch me there...I'm so dreadfully ticklish!"

"You have nothing to fear," I told her, letting my fingertip make a gentle spiral around that tasty nub in the center of her belly. "So long as you remain quiet and don't attract your host's attention. If you do, I'm afraid you'll have lost our little game."

Her middle rose slightly off the bed, turning to one side as the spiral tightened, my finger moving inexorably toward her belly button. She bared her teeth in a helpless smile, her eyes squeezed tightly shut.

"Don't," she giggled. "Don't, don't, don't."

The tickling was already having a noticeably sexual effect on my poor wife. Her nipples were now like two stones set in the swelling curves of her breasts, and my nose caught a whiff of the salty scent of her excitement. I knew if I were to apply my finger to her pussy, I would find it sopping wet.

I pressed my mouth against the tight curl of her ear and whispered, "Don't

laugh. Don't you dare laugh."

By that point, my finger was skimming the rim of her belly button, tantalizing the little kernel of flesh inside. The delicacy of my touch was definitely taking a toll on Marina's nerves. She twitched and made little snorting sounds as she tried to suppress the laughter that demanded release.

"What's in here?" I teased, getting ready to administer the coup de grace. "What's in this little hole?"

"Oh God," she said with a giggle. "Oh!" I struck, pressing her button while

"The tickling was already having a noticeably sexual effect on my poor wife."

attacking her side with clawed fingers for spice. Marina very nearly lost the game at that point; the tickling sensations must've crackled over her nerves like an electric shock. She arched her back, grinning in delicious agony, but she managed to prevent herself from laughing out loud.

"You're very good, my dear," I told her. "Now let's see how those pretty feet fare under my tongue."

"Oh, no," Marina whimpered, her fair cheeks going several shades paler. "Not that! Tickle under my arms instead—or my pussy!"

"I'm sure you'd love that," I said with a chuckle. "But I'm afraid it's your feet I want." And with that I crept down to her left foot, steadying it with both hands and gently applying my tongue to her twitching toes. She tried to evade my mouth by clenching them, but they wiggled spastically, allowing me to get them between my lips for a long, sweet suck.

I'm afraid poor Marina found that treatment considerably worse than the navel-tickling she'd just suffered through. Her slim, aristocratic feet are tender and

very, very ticklish. Just blowing on them is torture for her; you can imagine what pedicures are like. Within moments of my starting to suck them, she was shaking in silent spasms of laughter. By rights, I should have called the game at that point and pronounced her the loser. But I couldn't quite bring myself to do that. Instead, I kept lapping at her digits, gently nibbling them with the very edges of my teeth.

Marina's upper body thrashed against her bonds, rolling from side to side on the increasingly sweaty sheets. She was making gasping, inarticulate noises as she struggled against her body's reactions, which were low bleating noises of desire and stifled hilarity.

I ran my fingernails up her soles again and again while I continued to bite and lick her toes.

"Come on," I teased. "This doesn't tickle, does it? Does it?"

It was more than she could take. Finally, she broke down in gales of howling laughter, calling me every name in the book as every inch of her bucked and shook.

"I give up," she gasped. "I give! I surrender!"

"And your punishment should be more tickling," I said sternly, giving her toes a final kiss. "But given how much I've enjoyed your body, I think a taste of pleasure would be more appropriate."

Turning myself around on the bed, I climbed atop my wife and let my rigid shaft slide into her soaked pussy. The sound Marina made at that point—a trembling explosion of pleasure that rocked her from crown to sole—sounded remarkably like laughter.

I had to wonder what dear old Joyce would have said could she have seen us.

—L.Y., Boulder, Colo.

Some admire the sleek beauty of a leg encased in nylon or the delicate arch of a dainty female foot. Others get a charge from a well-placed tattoo, and some simply have a passion for panties. What fans your fetish fire? Tell us all about it. Send your letter to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.





GOOD VIBES

A smart-aleck husband uses technology to tease his horny wife, keeping her on the edge of orgasm until she can't hold back.

BY TAMARA HERNANDEZ

No matter how long you've been married or partnered up, you have to make time to enhance your special relationship with the substance of raw passion. Even before my husband and I started exploring our kinky side, he would do little things, like give me a lingering look, an unexpected touch, a hello or goodbye kiss that went on too long to just be perfunctory. Somehow he managed to infuse it all with an undercurrent of his dominant nature—or maybe I'm just hard-wired to be submissive.

Anyhow, like many other couples, our life went into a bit of a tailspin during the pandemic. Nothing serious, but the sudden change of routine rattled our sex life. Fortunately for me, though, my husband's skills found a way to keep our lights on, so to speak, and kindle our dormant spark into a perpetual inferno.

Malcolm works in cybersecurity, so as far as his company is concerned, he's not only essential, he's vital. As the lockdowns kicked in, he actually ended up in the office more than before. I already work from home as a graphic artist, but as projects slowed and wrapped—without other assignments taking their place—I found myself having too much time on my hands and grew restless. Sure, I binge-watched TV shows until my vision blurred and found all kinds of projects to do around the house. But in the absence of my normal social life—and, increasingly, my husband—the lockdown blues hit me pretty hard. However, one day I woke up to discover a mysterious package waiting for me on the kitchen table, and its arrival changed everything.

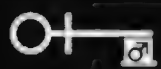
The box was emblazoned with the usual big name corporate logo we all associate with free two-day delivery. I didn't recall ordering anything, though. I looked closer and saw it had been taped shut, making its presence Malcolm's doing. I opened the box and discovered what appeared to be one of those home AI devices. But we already had one of those. However, a note in my husband's handwriting confirmed that this item was to be its replacement. In addition to the new device, the box also contained a Wi-Fi HD webcam with another note: "Turn us on."

My husband always teases me and says we should both quit our jobs and cam model, so this was bound to be interesting. I turned on the devices, and then waited, not sure what was supposed to happen next. Within a minute the camera's light went from red to green, and then the AI device beeped loudly enough to make me jump in my seat.

"Hello?" I said into the microphone.

"Hi, honey," my husband's deadpan voice blared from the speaker.

I swore under my breath, then looked from the AI device to the camera. The AI beeped again, and Malcolm asked: "Can you hear me?"



"Yes," I responded.

"Ah, good. It's working."

I rolled my eyes and asked, "Honey, what is this?"

My husband laughed and said, "True to form, I can see you're rolling your eyes already."

Oh, duh. Of course, he could. The camera was on. Perplexed, I looked directly into the lens. "Malcolm, what is all this? I mean, you can always just video call."

"I could, but that wouldn't be half as much fun as what I have planned. Just give me a second to install some software on your laptop."

Turning to my computer, I saw the pointer moving as my husband controlled it via a remote connection. After no more than two minutes, an image of what the camera was broadcasting appeared in a window on my screen.

"All right. Go on. Give me the elevator pitch."

"OK. Look, I know I'm not home a lot these days." He paused, sounding apologetic. "I also know we've both been feeling a little low. But I also know

the only way to get to the other side is to innovate."

"Necessity is the mother of invention?" I ventured skeptically.

"More or less."

"So what's the deal? You're gonna talk to me all day, and I'll order toilet paper and groceries on this thing?"

"You really think you're going to be the one giving orders?" My husband's laughter rang out of the speakers before he continued. "Nope. On this device, you're going to be taking orders, not giving." Before I could respond again, the device beeped and he added, "Ah, I see your face. You're intrigued, aren't you?"

I glanced from the AI to the laptop and saw my husband camming in on his phone. He gave me a little wave and said, "We're live, honey. Although rest assured, it is just the two of us."

"Ha ha." I folded my arms petulantly. "So you're gonna make that thing beep and get me out of bed?"

"And into bed—and anywhere else I think you should be. And, yeah, I can make it beep whenever I want your attention." The device beeped several

times in succession, illustrating his point.

"Oh, come off it," I said with a laugh.

"This isn't a joke. This is an intervention. You're going to be my little slut wife who I can command at any time."

"So less Debbie Downer, more Debbie Does Dallas is what you're going for?"

"In a matter of speaking. Are you game?"

"Well, I suppose it can't hurt." I was acting fussy, but secretly I will admit the thought excited me. "Am I supposed to flash you now or something?"

"Hmm, wait on that. You have another package arriving."

The doorbell rang, and through the window, I saw a deliveryman walking away.

"Go get it, and open it up for me," Malcolm ordered.

I soon discovered the latest delivery contained quite the selection of sexy items: jeweled nipple clamps with a removable chain, a cupless sheer pink baby-doll negligee, a butt plug with a base shaped like a pink heart, and a high-tech sex toy—also in pink. The toy was U-shaped and designed for insertion



and G-spot pleasure on one end, while the other could send delightful vibes to the clit. Either way, the toy's internet connectivity would allow my husband to control it from his phone.

"Wow, you really thought this through," I said, knowing I must have looked as awestruck as I felt.

"There will be other things soon enough. But let's start with getting you in the shower, and don't worry, the cam is waterproof."

"Do you want me to do a striptease?"

"You could, but it's not necessary. Also, I only have a half hour left for my lunch break. Take the camera, the AI, and the goodies along with you."

"OK," I said. I put the AI and box on the vanity by the sink and positioned the small webcam beside it. Then, without fanfare, I took off my yoga pants and hoodie.

The AI beeped, and I heard Malcolm say, "Very good. I'm a lucky man."

His tone made me laugh, but I love the way my husband will casually flatter me. Although my days of college cheerleading are long behind me, I definitely work hard to maintain my naturally petite physique.

I'm in my early 40s with long chestnut hair. Malcolm says I have a "girl next door" innocence about my looks, but my face is where any said innocence stops. With his blessing last year, I also had some work done to transform my B-cups into Ds, and I love teasing him with my brand-new boobs.

I gazed at the camera and lifted my breast, just enough to tease my nipple with my tongue and get the little bud stiff.

"Very nice, but you need to stay on task," he said.

I played with my nipples some more and challenged: "What if I have a different task in mind?"

I shivered a little as the air conditioner switched on and hit me with a cool draft.

"Oh no. I'm giving the orders around here."

"For now," I teased. My nipples pinged with excitement, which corresponded to the bolt of arousal that flared between my legs. In that moment, I really wished my husband was home, so I could drop everything and ride his cock—but I was definitely enjoying this new way to play.

Malcolm cleared his throat and said with complete seriousness, "Be sure to position the camera so I get a good angle."

"All right, Spielberg."

"Watch the attitude, my little brat, or I'll have to punish you."

"Now that sounds fun."

"We'll see. Now, slip that new toy in your pussy and then turn on the shower."

As quickly as possible, I liberated the vibe from its packaging. Malcolm gave me a few simple instructions for how to set it up, so his phone could control it, and—voilà—we were in business!

"Wow, I love technology," I mused, as I ran through the toy's speed settings.

The AI device beeped again, and Malcolm's voice spoke: "Spread your

"My geeky hubby put my legs over his shoulders and gave me the fucking of a lifetime."

pussy for me, baby. I want to see you put it in."

I put one leg on the vanity counter, exposing my pink pussy lips to the camera's gaze. With my left hand, I parted my outer lips, and while I was at it, I couldn't resist playing with my clit a little.

"Ooh, honey, I'm so wet already."

"Good. But no coming until I tell you to, OK?"

I nodded in the direction of the camera. With my juices flowing and my clit primed, I inserted the thick end of the toy inside me. Once it was nestled deep, its other end was pressed against my clit, and my husband wasted no time testing the toy's vibration levels.

"Ooh!" I squealed as I felt the shaft suddenly jolt to life inside me.

"Mmm, I'm so happy it works," Malcolm replied. "Now get in the shower. Let's see how clean—and dirty—you can be."

Once the camera was in an appropriate position, I turned on the hot water. The AI device beeped from the vanity counter,

and he ordered, "Lather up for me."

I looked up at the camera and winked. I put some body wash on the loofah sponge and took my time making pearly bubbles foam up atop my breasts. After I coated my tits in suds, I worked my way down my legs, carefully and deliberately avoiding my throbbing pussy. But without warning, the toy came to life and delivered a solid 60-second blast of medium-high vibrations that made my knees buckle.

I gasped in pleasure as my pussy muscles clenched around the silicone shaft.

"Oh God," I moaned.

"That's exactly what I want to hear."

I wriggled, causing the external part of the toy to press more intensely against my clit. My pleasure threatened to overwhelm me—and almost did. But before I reached my peak, my crafty husband switched off the vibe.

"Oh, come on!" I pouted and peeked at the camera. "I'm so fucking horny, Malcolm."

I heard my husband laugh again.

"I'm happy to make you come, honey, but you're going to have to earn it."

"You're really enjoying this, aren't you?"

"You bet. Now listen, I want you to take your middle and index fingers—"

"Which hand?" I interjected.

"Doesn't matter," Malcolm replied. "But I want you to look into the camera, and suck on those fingers."

I obeyed, making a show of really covering my fingers with spit as the shower soaked the rest of me.

"A very nice visual," Malcolm said in a husky voice. "Now, get those fingers really slick because I want you to turn around, spread your cheeks and shove those fingers in your asshole."

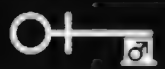
For a moment, I must've looked scandalized, but—inhibitions be damned—this new territory was too intriguing to resist.

Malcolm and I had only recently begun to explore anal sex. I'm no backdoor virgin, but he was the first guy to actually take the time to make the experience worth savoring.

I turned around so he had a perfect view of my ass and bent forward a bit.

"Oh I could look at that all day," he chimed in.

I glanced over my shoulder, teasingly wiggled my butt and asked, "You wanna



see me ream this ass?"

"Yes, that's an order."

"I think I need to take it slow."

"That's fine. You just pretend those wet fingers are my tongue. I know you love it when I worship your little hole."

He wasn't wrong! With the water cascading down my back, I reached around and began fingering my ass. Just as my middle finger slid through my anal ring, the toy inside my pussy came to life again.

"Oh fuck!" I exclaimed. The sensation nearly made my knees buckle. I planted my free hand firmly against the wall and moaned loudly. The vibrations were so extreme, even the finger in my asshole could feel the rumbling intensity of the toy. Not to mention, my poor tormented clit felt like it might explode at any second. But once more, the vibrations shut off. This was next-level teasing!

I groaned and begged, "Please, baby."

"I didn't say you could stop. Get back to work and show me how you finger-fuck your ass, and I'll consider letting you come," Malcolm insisted after treating me to another loud beep.

I sighed—in both desperation and exasperation. I worked a second finger into my ass and began to move them together, in and out. My pussy muscles squeezed the lifeless toy, jealous of the fun my ass was having.

"Please let me come," I begged. I would have given anything in that moment for the vibrations to resume.

"Mmm, I wish you could see how incredible you look right now," Malcolm said on a sigh.

"I'm incredibly in need of an orgasm."

"Keep fingering yourself."

The clitoral component of the toy then came alive, which made me shiver, but he only let it vibrate for ten seconds.

"Oh come on!"

"Nope, not yet," Malcolm said, sounding mighty amused. "You can take your fingers out now and finish washing up. Next stop is the bedroom."

I sighed and obeyed. What else could I do? After I toweled off, Malcolm had me put on the sheer cupless negligee and nipple clamps, and then I was directed to lube up and insert the jeweled butt plug, all while the vibe was still jammed inside my cunt.

"It's time we took your anal training

seriously," he explained.

I turned around to admire the pink booty jewelry in the mirror and said, "I'm impressed. It looks as good as it feels. It also feels pretty incredible having both holes stuffed."

"I'm glad you're pleased. Now, take us into the bedroom."

Once there, I placed the AI device on the nightstand and arranged the camera at the bottom of the bed, so he'd have a full view of everything I was about to do. Even after toweling off post-shower, my pussy was still soaked. My cunt muscles clenched the shaft of the toy, hoping those pleasurable waves would kick up once more and offer me a thrill.

"He put the dildo back in my pussy and swapped the butt plug with his cock."

"Get on the bed, and get comfortable," he told me.

I stretched out, but kept my legs spread so he could see the toys embedded in my holes.

"What's next?" I asked.

"The AI is going to randomly control your toy, and we'll see how long it takes to make you squirt."

"Wait—a robot is going to get me off?"

"Maybe. But I can override it, if needed. Don't worry."

"Another technological marvel," I started to say. But my snarky comment was abruptly cut off as the AI took charge. I felt the vibrations first, and then suspiciously glanced over at the device. The toy inside me started off with a slow wave-like motion, which only made me crave more.

"How's that feel?" Malcolm asked.

"Mmm, it's really good—slow and—ah!" I exhaled sharply as the speed increased, and I felt the vibrations intensify against my incredibly sensitive clit. "Oh my God!" I exclaimed.

After all that teasing and denial, my body was ravenous for any and all sensations. I squirmed and moaned as the vibrations decreased again—only to rise up even higher once more.

I bit down on my lip and moaned louder, feeling my impending orgasm starting to turn me inside out—and then unleashing the literal floodgates. As my clit spasmed, the toy delivered just enough payload to my G-spot to make me come—and make a little puddle on the sheets beneath me.

As I lay there trying to catch my breath, the AI beeped and the toy turned off.

"Very impressive," Malcolm murmured. "That took three minutes and 49.6 seconds."

I closed my eyes and smirked as I spoke: "Are you going to analyze data all day or come home and fuck me?"

"I'm here. I just walked in the door."

I sat up, and sure enough, Malcolm was standing in the bedroom doorway with an exceedingly self-satisfied look on his face.

"You told me you were at lunch. I didn't know you were coming home."

I gestured for him to come closer, and Malcolm leaned down and kissed me on the forehead.

"I knew I couldn't drive safely *and* control the toy. I got here as fast as I could—but you were faster."

"I'm also still horny," I told him, reaching for his belt buckle.

"Good, I was counting on it."

I freed Malcolm's thick erection and took it in my mouth, sucking him for a bit. But there was zero need to prime him, given his sustained arousal. I yanked out the vibe—but he made me leave the plug in—and my geeky hubby put my legs over his shoulders and gave me the fucking of a lifetime.

Any lingering lockdown melancholy I might've felt went flying out the window as Malcolm plowed me harder and harder. And once we both came and caught our breath, he put the dildo back in my pussy and swapped the butt plug with his cock, while the AI-controlled vibrations tormented me once more.

Since our unique playdate, Malcolm has continued to surprise me. I'll wake up to discover packages with new toys or props, and our sex life has never been so wild!





THE CAT'S MEOW

CODI IS A COUGAR'S SEX PET.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIZZY CASH











“I’M HERS TO TOY WITH.”

—CODI



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HER PLAYTHING

My girlfriend and I aren't exactly strangers to the fetish lifestyle. We've been playing regularly—almost always with Sara topping me—practically since we first met, and those scenes have been among the hottest experiences of my life. But she always seems to find a way to take things to a whole new level.

Just last week, for example, we were enjoying a lazy weekend at home, both of us horny, but neither of us feeling ambitious enough to really do anything about it. Eventually, Sara began fondling me through my shorts, almost absentmindedly, stroking my cock and squeezing gently at the head until I was as hard as a rock. Suddenly I was feeling incredibly ambitious.

"Do you like that?" Sara whispered. I could tell my dickhead had started oozing pre-come, always a sign that I'm raring to go.

"What do you think?" I asked, squirming a little. I kept my eyes locked on hers, almost daring her to continue. And Sara, let me tell you, has very sexy eyes. They're big and blue, and go beautifully with her black hair and fair skin. They have a way of catching my gaze and captivating me—just another part of her dominant nature.

"I think you've got a good hard dick, and that I should do something with it," she countered, sounding amused. "Any suggestions?"

"We could fuck," I offered. I wanted to do exactly that: climb on top of Sara, press her back onto the couch and push

my dick into her up to the root.

I could tell she wanted that as well, but instead of leaning back and parting her legs to invite me into her pussy, she said cryptically, "I think I'd like to play a little, too."

It was obvious another plan was percolating in her mind, and as horny as I was, I was curious to see what she'd do. But I didn't have to wait long—just long enough to nod my consent.

"Strip," she said. "I want you naked."

There wasn't much to take off, but I obeyed. Sara wasn't exactly overdressed herself. All she had on was a pair of jeans, a bra and her favorite lipstick. Yet she looked absolutely poised, and as completely in control as I'd ever seen her. She was partially curled up in her seat, with one long leg

hanging down and her bare foot kicking idly against the couch as she appraised my naked body.

I stood there awaiting further orders, gooseflesh rising on my skin. There's something about being naked in front of Sara when she isn't. I felt exquisitely small and humble. She didn't need cuffs or chains to make me feel that way, but I wasn't exactly surprised when she pulled a set of cuffs out from under the couch.

"Turn around," Sara said, and I did, automatically offering her my wrists to be cuffed. When I heard the metallic sound of the cuffs clicking shut—and Sara's throaty little chuckle—I felt a delicious surge of warmth in my balls, a sensation that comes when I've completely surrendered myself to her.

I heard noises behind me, those of Sara likely reaching under the couch for another item. It could have been almost anything, but I was bound by our well-established rules not to sneak a peek. So I just stood there, looking at the floor, with my mind racing as I tried to guess what Sara was going to spring on me.

Next, I felt her long nails sliding with maddening slowness over my shoulders, down to my ass and back up to scratch the nape of my neck. I'd just recently gotten a trim, and the hair there was very short. The feeling of Sara's nails rustling through it was delicious—and also ticklish. I felt my shoulders rising, but she made a single sharp noise, a warning sound you'd use to discipline a dog. I forced my shoulders down again and waited patiently.

Next, something black and soft moved over my eyes, robbing me of my vision. It was a blindfold. I had told her once before that I found the idea of being blindfolded uniquely erotic—and also a bit scary. One of my very first experiences with a mistress had involved being blindfolded, and I'll never forget the feelings of helplessness and loss of control that came when my sight was taken from me.

Sara stepped closer until I could feel her warm breath on my neck and her tits grazing my back. Anything could have happened at that point. She might have slipped a lubed-up finger into my asshole, tickling my sphincter with slippery goodness as she prepared me to receive a butt plug, or she might





have simply bitten and kissed my ear, driving me deeper into squirming fits of sensual pleasure.

Instead, I felt her fingers fluttering against my rigid prick, her nails and fingertips brushing teasingly against my rod. I gasped and helplessly shuffled my feet.

"Stay still," Sara ordered. She flicked her nail against my bobbling cockhead—not too hard, just enough to deliver a fleeting spark of pain. Then she continued running her nails over my cock and balls, driving me crazy. I have a thing about long fingernails. I find the sensation of them is more than just ticklish; it makes me want to jump out of my skin. I love it, and it gets me hot as hell, but at the same time I can't stand it.

And when I can't see from where or when the next stroke is coming, that makes it even worse. Or better, maybe. In any case, Sara was soon focusing on my balls, using a slow hand-over-hand motion to put my load on simmer. She was completely silent the whole time. I found myself whimpering, trying to provoke a response from her, but she wouldn't bite.

Then, with no warning at all, the slow movement of her nails on my nads stopped. I stood holding my breath, but no new sensations came to replace it. I listened carefully for the whisper of Sara's bare feet on the floor, in case she was repositioning herself for a fresh attack, but I heard nothing at all. I knew better than to call for her or plead for a hint of her whereabouts or intentions. I just had to wait.

Finally, I felt Sara's hands settle on my shoulders, molding their palms and fingers around them and gripping me hard.

"Don't move," she whispered harshly. Her face was very close to mine, our noses almost touching. I caught a whiff of the mint tea she likes to drink on quiet afternoons. "Don't you dare move, or I'll keep you cuffed for the rest of the night."

I didn't think she would really do that, but I couldn't know for sure. I did know she *could* do it. That was enough for me to behave.

Her hands moved off my shoulders, and the next thing I heard was the sound of fabric rustling somewhere just in front of me. Sara was removing her jeans—

and maybe her bra as well. I smelled the warm, perfumed scent of her body, and my excitement immediately jumped a notch or three.

Sara's fingers were once again roaming over my cock, pulling almost casually at it, as though to assure herself I was still hard for her. She took my shaft between her thumb and forefinger and pressed the head against something warm and wet, something fringed with stiff, scratchy curls. Her pussy. Then came the painfully slow, exquisite maneuvering of my cock, pulled by Sara's hand toward her moist cleft.

We were going to fuck, all right, but it would be on her terms.

I couldn't resist my body's sudden urge to help the process along by rising

"I wanted badly to begin working my thighs, matching Sara's rhythm and thrusts."

on my toes and pushing myself toward Sara in an effort to drive my cock into her. And when I say I couldn't help it, I mean it. The motion was completely reflexive on my part, happening before I was even aware of it. Sara's hands jumped from my cock to my ass, digging her nails into my buns. It wasn't agonizingly painful or anything, but the suddenness of it left no doubt of what it was: a punishment—and a warning. I knew if I misbehaved again I would feel something a lot worse than Sara's nails.

"I said, don't move," Sara whispered harshly.

I apologized, feeling lucky we didn't immediately jump from nearly fucking to a serious punishment. But standing still while Sara impaled herself on me in a standing position was one of the hardest things I've ever done—no pun intended. Once she got my cock inside her,

my acrobatic girl wrapped both arms and one a leg around me and began thrusting. She was leaning into me to help steady herself, and even though I was standing on two legs, I was hard-pressed to avoid toppling over. I wanted badly to begin working my thighs, matching Sara's rhythm and thrusts with my own. The desire to move with her rather than standing immobile while she fucked me was maddening.

But the sensation of being power-fucked by Sara more than made up for the difficulties. It was amazing to feel not only that I was pleasuring her, but doing it so passively, as though my body had been converted into a kind of human dildo. Then, too, it just felt so damned good. I had been worried I wouldn't be able to stay hard for her under the circumstances, but that actually wasn't a problem at all. The sensation of Sara's pussy alternately enveloping me and releasing my dick was the sexiest thing I'd ever experienced. It was true domination; I belonged to Sara completely, every inch of me.

In a few moments, though, I had another challenge; I was trembling on the edge of dropping a giant load, and I didn't want to do it until Sara gave me the word. Fortunately, she either sensed what was going through my mind or else she simply was ready to bring me to the climax we both wanted. With a loud growl, she pressed against me, gripping my shoulders tightly again as though they were handlebars of some kind.

"Come on," she said, breathing the words into my ear. "Let it go. I want you to let it go now."

And I did...just as she pulled back and released me. The sensation of spilling my load onto our living room floor was incredible. It gushed on and on, seeming to never end.

Sara removed my blindfold and handcuffs and then remarked, "Better clean that up." She padded back to the couch and added, "Get two washcloths. After you finish with the floor, you can clean me. After that...well, we'll see what happens."

I hurried off to the bathroom, following Sara's instructions. I couldn't wait to see what else she would come up with.

—P.R., via email



SIN CITY TRIO

Tanya wanted a threeway, and I knew it. We'd only had two since we'd been together. One before we were married, one after.

And now in the heat and neon of Las Vegas, I could practically read her desire on her skin.

She was checking out every person we walked by in the casino on our way to find some food. We had just reached the buffet when I saw her spot a candidate. Her whole body perked up. She brushed her long dark hair back over her shoulder and thrust out her big tits. There was a predatory sparkle in her eye that made me laugh.

"I think you see one," I said against her ear.

"You can tell?" she asked, looking my

way and sounding surprised.

I laughed outright and said, "Yes, baby. Who is it?"

With Tanya, it could be a man or a woman.

She cocked her head toward a petite redhead wearing a short black dress and tall black heels. She was casually flirting with some guy at the bar.

"Her," she said brusquely.

"You going to go make a move?" My hunger had shifted from food to kink.

"I am. You make a plate, and I'll be back."

I hit the buffet and ended up with a plate full of crab legs and mac and cheese because I was paying very little attention to the options. Instead, I was watching my wife put the moves on a delicious young woman with pale skin

and curves in all the right places.

The guy at the bar eventually went away, and my wife sidled closer to her prey. She leaned on the bar, resting her elbows on the dark wood. She sipped her drink, and as she talked, she swayed her ass back and forth. I was mesmerized. I never got tired of that sight.

At one point, she looked over her shoulder at me and winked. Then she swayed her ass some more.

My cock was getting hard watching the women's exchange, and then it grew harder still as I let my mind wander to what might be in store for me. Knowing Tanya, a lot. And all of it dirty.

She waltzed back, slid into the booth next to me and snapped a crab leg in half before devouring it.



"Her name is Felicia. She's here with some friends who are off playing slots. She's meeting us in our room in half an hour."

"You hungry?" I asked. I wasn't. I was locked in a pattern of anticipation.

"Are you kidding? I'm starving!"

I watched her eat, knowing damn well her appetite—both for food and sex—knew no bounds.

Thirty minutes later, I learned Felicia seemed even more petite up close. I sat on the bed in our room and watched my wife kiss her. Tanya had one hand behind Felicia's head and the other under her dress, which was hiked up around the redhead's hips. Tanya's hand was moving in a telltale rhythm, and I guessed she was finger-fucking her.

My cock instantly turned rock-hard in my pants, and my breath was ragged.

After a few minutes, Tanya looked up and said to me: "Why are you still dressed? Get naked. Then lay back on the mattress."

I couldn't obey her fast enough.

My cock stood up straight and true, while I laid there on my back. It was almost comical.

Tanya and Felicia broke their kiss, and while I was watching, they both whipped off their dresses. They were both naked but nearly opposites; it was amazing. There was my Tanya, tall, curvy, big tits, dark hair and mocha skin, and Felicia, petite, small breasts, red hair and pale, freckled skin.

My wife said, "This is my man. He's into this. And I bet he'd like to be into you."

Felicia laughed.

"But first things first," said my wife.

Crawling onto the bed, Tanya straddled me. She slid her pussy down onto my cock, and I shuddered with pleasure.

"Get up there, Felicia," she told our playmate. "Sit on his face. He'll eat your pussy until you scream."

My dick, deep in my wife's cunt, jerked at her words.

After a moment of watching Tanya sensually riding my cock, Felicia got into the spirit. Soon her thighs were on either side of my face. I reached up, grabbed her trim hips and pulled her down a bit lower. Then I licked her clit. She jumped when my tongue first made contact, but

then she settled in, lowering herself fully onto my face. She was sweet and musky and smelled like warm cotton.

Tanya was fucking me faster now, moving quickly and with intent.

I focused a lot of my attention on eating out Felicia, so as not to come too quickly. I pushed my tongue into her wet slit, savoring her slick juices, before returning to her clit. She was into it now, grinding down against my face. I cupped her ass cheek with my hand, and I bucked my hips, thrusting my dick deep into Tanya.

Seconds later, Felicia let out a shout as her orgasm struck. Her copious juices coated my lips, and my arousal spiked, and then Tanya let out a cry

"She smeared a dollop of lube against my backdoor, and then she pressed the dildo to my ass."

of her own. I felt her spasming pussy working my cock.

Surrounded by so much female pleasure, I lost control and shot my load into my wife. The women climbed off my sweaty, heaving body. My cock was spent, but it was also the object of Tanya's attention.

"Whatever can we do to help him get hard again, Felicia?"

Without a word, our redheaded lovely licked my flaccid cock. The visual alone made my dick jump. But then Tanya joined her, and it got even better. As these two women double-teamed me, my dick popped back to life in no time.

"Well, that didn't take long," Tanya said, then she deep-throated my rod and cleaned off every bit of her own juices.

My wife crawled up my body and settled her hot pussy on my stomach as she told me, "I want you to fuck her."

I nodded. That wasn't a problem for

me, but then she upped the ante and said, "And while you fuck her, I'm going to fuck you."

A bolt of arousal wracked my body, and I bit back a groan.

"Is that OK with you, baby?" Tanya asked. I nodded again, and she patted my cheek as she promised, "Don't worry. I'll be gentle."

Both Felicia and I watched her get up and don her strap-on. The harness consisted of blue straps, which supported a curved, double-ended dildo.

"I think you have a nice hard cock for our guest. Don't you?" Tanya teased.

I nodded, watching her lube up the cock sprouting from her groin.

"Wow," Felicia said. "She's going to stick that thing in your ass?"

"That's the plan," I said, a little breathlessly, while nodding my head.

Felicia released a low, lazy groan, and I realized how much the scenario turned her on. She rolled onto her back, spread her legs, grabbed my arm and tugged me toward her.

I went to her, sliding between her thighs. Her pussy was drenched, and my dick grazed her slickness without penetrating her. But Felicia took matters into her own hands. She grabbed my erection and moved it in circles against her clit as she watched my face. Then she brought the tip to her slit and raised her hips, welcoming me inside.

I sank my cock into her. A moment later, I felt Tanya's hands on me as she spread my cheeks. She smeared a dollop of lube against my backdoor, and then she pressed the dildo to my ass. To my surprise, the tip slid in easily. I stilled as she smoothed her hands along my ass cheeks.

Beneath me, Felicia thrust up to take my cock. Her movements were small and eager but pleasurable.

My wife slid her dick inside my backdoor, and I gasped as she stretched me and filled me. When she started to rock into me, I did the same to Felicia.

The ravishing redhead looped her arms around my neck and thrust her small warm body up against me. Her pussy clenched and danced around my cock.

The double-headed dildo Tanya was



sporting was also embedded in her snatch. Every time she thrust deep inside me, the toy was working inside her, as well. My wife sighed behind me, her fingers clenching my ass cheeks as she reamed me.

We'd found a rhythm, and I fucked our visitor with great relish. The sensation of Tanya's cock in my ass as I fucked Felicia—all of that pressure and pleasure—was a blissful experience. My cock was as hard as a rock, my body alight with fantastic sensations.

And the room was rich with the scent of sex.

Beneath me, our naughty nymph announced, "I think I'm going to come." She clenched her pussy muscles around my dick.

I moaned loudly, and the sound seemed to set off Tanya, who hoarsely whispered, "Fuck! Fuck that's good."

"Can you imagine?" Felicia said beneath me. She bumped up her hips over and over. She had found her tempo and was chasing her own orgasm.

"Imagine what?"

"If her cock were real. And when she came—which it sounds like she's about to—it would spurt inside you. Her load would fill you up. All hot and wet."

I grunted in response.

Behind me, Tanya was thrusting and moaning. My ass took her easily, and I held my breath as she said, "I'm going to come, baby. I'm going to come. I want you to come. I want her to come." She let out a little laugh and said, "Everybody gets to come."

Beneath me, Felicia gasped and her fingers curled against my arm. Her pussy rippled wetly, milking my cock as she peaked.

I kept going, moving my cock inside

her and driving deep as Tanya took my ass.

My wife pinched my skin with her grip, and she came loudly. Her body bucked behind me as her orgasm overcame her.

I hung my head and felt myself caught between giving and taking.

I moved faster, and then I lost it for a second time. Pleasure welled up within me, and I climaxed with my cock deep inside Felicia's wet cunt.

Tanya withdrew from me. I heard the merry jingle of the buckles as she removed her harness. I rolled to my side and caught my breath.

"Do you guys do this often?" Felicia asked, leaning on her side.

"Not often at all," I admitted.

"But what happens in Vegas might not stay in Vegas this time," Tanya added.

—W.A., Harrisburg, Penn.



PILLOW PRINCESS

Last year, I graduated from a small, but elite private university. It's the sort of place where you'd find plenty of legacy students intermingling with the offspring of new money. As you might expect, most of the women in my sorority were already well-versed in partying and avant-garde sexual exploration before they ever pledged. But there was always a place among us for a sexy first-timer—especially one like Lauren.

Lauren and I met two years ago; she was an incoming pledge, and I was 21 and a junior. Our sorority did the usual kinds of community service and social events, but a little-known aspect of pledging sisterhood with us involved plenty of girl-girl hookups—and not just kissing in front of guys at parties. Of course, everything was 100 percent voluntary, and let me just say most of the girls we got were, like, 200 percent into it. Our “sapphic social calendar” was the perfect excuse for even the most introverted girl to explore her desires in a safe, fun way.

During rush week, we invited prospective new sisters over for a game called “Pillow Princess.” We dimmed the lights, and the pledges watched several scenes of lesbian porn—and then we checked to see whose panties were the wettest. I was paired with Lauren, and it was an instant girl-crush for me. She had beautiful blonde hair, blue eyes, hefty tits with peachy pale nipples and, as I discovered, a smooth shaven pussy.

When the last scene ended, we flipped on the lights. Our head girl, Maxine, instructed: “OK, sisters, time to check your partners. Remember, whoever is the wettest gets a reward.”

Maxine herself had come up with the game, inspired by the way women's desires are often so hidden in polite society. In her own way, Maxine epitomized hiding, too. She was a secret hacker trapped in the statuesque body of a former beauty queen. All the guys wanted her, but she preferred girls, coding and cryptocurrency.

Maxine gave my ass a playful swat as I went to join Lauren on the floor. She definitely shared my affinity for blondes, so

we were both hoping Lauren was worthy of our “reward.”

“Did you like what you saw?” I asked Lauren, as I sat next to her.

Lauren's milky skin was flushed pink. She seemed aroused but still shy as she said, “It was...well-filmed.”

I laughed softly, then I touched her hand and asked, “Do I have your permission?”

Lauren nodded and said, “I think you're going to like what you find, Krista.”

While maintaining eye contact, I slid my hand up Lauren's bare thigh beneath her skirt. My fingers boldly explored the sumptuous curve of her mound through the soft, thin layer of her wet cotton panties.

**“I entered her
soaking pussy from
behind, while Lauren
devoured Maxine's
rubber cock.”**

“Very promising,” I whispered as I pushed aside her undies to stroke her pussy. Her juices pooled between her lips, which made it so easy for my fingers to slip and slide all around her clit.

Lauren moaned softly and wiggled closer to maximize my touch. We were in our own little naughty world, but a quick glance around the room confirmed our horny new pledges were all in various stages of foreplay with their assigned partners.

Maxine walked around with a smug look of satisfaction before instructing, “OK, ladies, let's see those panties.” One by one, she examined the pledges' underwear.

Lauren peeled off her panties, giving me a pleasing view of her pussy in the process.

I presented Lauren's soaked thong to Maxine, who said, “I don't think there's any contest here.”

Maxine offered Lauren a hand to stand up and said to her, “I bet you're a little gusher, aren't you?”

Lauren shrugged bashfully. Next, Maxine lifted the blonde's skirt, caught sight of her hairless snatch and cooed, “I love these smooth lips.”

Maxine flicked her fingers against the pledge's clit before shoving two fingers inside her pussy.

“The view from behind isn't bad either,” I said, marveling over Lauren's smooth and shapely rear.

Maxine removed her fingers and brought them to her own lips to taste Lauren's juices. Then she nodded her head and clapped her hands before saying, “Pledges, I'm proud of you all for being soaking-wet sluts, but Lauren is our pillow princess for tonight. Let's give her a round of applause. Krista, take her upstairs!”

I took Lauren's hand and led her away amid the crowd's applause, hoots and hollers. As soon as we stepped into my bedroom, we began kissing hotly. I could have just gone to town right there, but I wanted her to fully experience Maxine's game.

I unhooked Lauren's bra and lightly stroked one of her breasts. Impatient for more, she grabbed my free hand and placed it on her other tit.

“Go on,” she encouraged me. “I know you've been dying to touch them.”

“And that's not all,” I said, licking her nipples. “Trust me, you're going to love this.”

“I already do,” Lauren responded.

“Just wait. This is only the beginning.”

Once all of Lauren's gorgeous body was completely revealed, I had her lay down on the bed. Then I took some red satin ribbon ties from a dresser drawer.

“These are softer than handcuffs, and there's enough length to let you still move around,” I told her. “But as our pillow princess, it's your job to just receive tonight. You are allowed to give if you ask, though. And if you say stop, the party's over. We



We good?" I asked the pretty blonde.

"Definitely," Lauren told me.

I made short work of tying Lauren's hands to the bedposts.

"Aren't you overdressed?" she asked me.

"One thing at a time, you sassy girl." I gave her nearest nipple a pinch.

At that point, we were joined by Maxine, who said, "I've been waiting for this! I hoped you'd be our princess."

Maxine reached for me, and we kissed and started taking off each other's clothes. Ever the exhibitionist, Maxine loved flaunting her sun-kissed figure. Her post-summer bikini tan lines were still quite visible, which made her pink nipples and naturally blonde pussy seem even more vibrant.

Lauren squirmed, obviously turned on by what she was seeing, but of course unable to do little else but wait.

"Look how eager she is," Maxine said with a grin. "We're gonna have so much fun with you."

She helped me out of my panties as I asked Lauren, "What do you think, Lauren? Are we hot?"

"Yes, please get over here."

"Let's give our princess what she wants," Maxine said, climbing on the bed and kissing Lauren. "Do you trust us?"

"Yes," Lauren assured us. "I'm ready."

Maxine got up and reached into the drawer where I'd gotten the restraints to procure a matching satin mask, which she placed over Lauren's eyes.

"Just focus on all the good feelings," she told our little pledge.

I joined them on the bed and went right for Lauren's swollen clit. Feeling her arousal earlier made me determined to taste her.

Maxine muffled Lauren's ensuing moans with more kisses before she tongued her way down to the younger woman's stiff nipples, which she licked and sucked.

"I kept drilling her cunt until her muffled screams announced she was coming yet again."

Meanwhile, I sucked Lauren's clit and then slipped my fingers inside her pussy. I began to fuck her, twisting my wrist and teasing her slick walls until I felt her muscles clenching down.

Lauren moaned, "Oh God!"

"She's so fucking tight, Max," I said, pulling away my fingers.

"You know how much I love tight little freshman pussy," Maxine sighed.

I'd planned to tongue her clit, only to discover that Maxine had the same idea, so we took turns. At one point, we hovered over her pussy and kissed each other, but I soon turned my attention back to Lauren, shoving three fingers inside her snatch.

Lauren groaned and thrust her hips up, as if searching for more fingers.

"Mmm, she really likes it," Maxine whispered, looking impressed.

"Are you gonna come for us, princess?" I asked, fucking her harder and pressing my thumb against her clit.

"Yes!" Lauren cried out.

"You like getting fucked by us?" Maxine asked, tweaking Lauren's nipples.

"Yes—yes—don't stop!" she gasped.

Having had plenty of female lovers before, I knew the sweet little spot to go for, so I turned my fingers around to nail the

spongy front wall of her willing pussy.

With this tactic and our continual teasing of her clit, it wasn't long before Lauren had her first orgasm of the night. As we'd predicted, she was indeed a gusher. In fact, Lauren was so wet, I didn't need to lube my strap-on.

"You want to do the honors first, Kris?" Maxine stepped into her own harness and adjusted her pink rubber cock.

"Yes, I think I can make our princess gush again."

We took off the blindfold and removed her bonds for the next part of our play session.

I entered her soaking pussy from behind, while Lauren devoured Maxine's rubber cock. Maxine held Lauren's hair back as she gagged on the shaft and let it fuck the back of her throat. Meanwhile, I kept drilling her cunt until her muffled screams announced she was coming yet again.

Maxine and I switched positions, so she could have a turn fucking our gorgeous pillow princess—and Lauren could lap up all her juices from my cock.

"I love making sluts clean up their mess," I mused amidst Lauren's moans, while Maxine railed her hard.

After a second successful strap-on fucking, Lauren and I chilled and made out while Maxine rimmed her.

"No one's done that to you before?" I asked Lauren.

Lauren's cheeks flushed again, and she

moaned softly, while she shook her head.

"You are so going to love this sorority!"

"I already do," Lauren said before kissing me wetly.

Maxine gave Lauren's bottom a playful swat and added, "I call dibs on whenever you're ready to rim your first girl."

"Noted," Lauren responded before shyly adding, "Are you both ready to lay back and let me return the favor?"

Maxine and I glanced at each other. I replied: "I think I am. I mean, we do test pussy-eating skills in the next pledge challenge anyway."

"That's right," said Maxine. She changed positions, so she was lying next to me. "But somehow I suspect she's going to pass with flying colors."

"Well, as they say, practice makes perfect," Lauren whispered before settling between my legs.

That was just one of my many hot nights with Lauren before I graduated. However, I'll definitely be seeing her and Maxine at our reunion this spring.

—K.L., Boston, Mass.

Have you had a torrid tryst? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out all the sexy details? We want to hear about it! Mail your kinky story to *Penthouse Variations*, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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